

# THE American Girl

OCTOBER 1947

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ROWS G TO K



30<sup>th</sup>  
Anniversary  
ISSUE



THE *Petiteen*  
OF  
*Distinction*

PRESENTING  
*Miss Juliana Gallagher*  
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Miss Juliana Gallagher, this month's Petiteen of Distinction, wears Petiteen's jeweled charmer. You'll soon see her in the new David O. Selznick film, "Portrait of Jenny". She has also starred in such outstanding Broadway successes as "Street Scene".  
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# Are you in the know?



**What's this paper doll trying to do?**

- Get into print
- Scoop the news
- A slight-of-hand trick



**Which type calls for this neckline?**

- Pudge
- Pee-wee
- TNT



**What the lonesome lass lacks is—**

- Goldilocks
- Good standing
- Gorgeous gams

Ma Nature gave this little girl a great big hand. Outsize paws seem smaller if you make them less conspicuous. With one hand, practice crumpling a sheet of newspaper into a ball. That's a trick to limber hands, lend them grace (a confidence builder!). At "those" times, too, you can gain self-assurance—with Kotex, and that exclusive safety center. Because it gives extra protection, it's a can't-miss for confidence.

Scarves are neckline news again. Top 'em off with a fancy stickpin — maybe made from your own sorority pin. But mind you — chin-chucking scarves are not for the short or chubby. It's the TNT gal (tall 'n' terrific) who can best wear the style shown here. And by the way, it's smart to know Kotex comes in sizes! 3 of 'em! So — from Regular, Junior and Super you can choose the napkin suited to you.

It takes more than honey-hued tresses and trim pegs to make an impression. Avoid that Leaning Tower look. Since it comes from totting textbooks on one favored side — shift the ballast! Good standing improves your poise. Of course, poise is yours for the asking on difficult days — when you've asked for Kotex. Naturally! Because Kotex is the napkin with flat pressed ends that prevent telltale outlines.



**Will you score with your stadium squire, if you're**

- Cheer-happy
- Sweet and silent
- A quiz kid

Gals should know football! — squires complain. Block that "kick" — by boning up, beforehand. Then get with the game!

Have fun! Better to cheer your head off than be sweetly mute or a question-box. And don't let calendar interference faze you. Just depend on Kotex: it's made to stay soft while you wear it. And teamed with a Kotex Sanitary Belt (all-elastic — snug-fitting — adjustable!) Kotex keeps you in blissful comfort, from kickoff to final whistle!



**More women choose KOTEX® than all other sanitary napkins**

**3 guesses what girls forget most!**

- Remove makeup at bedtime
- Repair chipped nail polish
- Buy a new sanitary belt

Could be you do keep your nails neat . . . and your face scrubbed, at curfew. Yet, like most girls, chances are you forget to buy a new sanitary belt . . . keep putting it off until "next time." But to get all the comfort your napkin gives, now's the time to buy a new Kotex Sanitary Belt!

You see — the Kotex Belt is made to lie flat, without twisting or curling. Yes, a Kotex Belt gives you snug, comfortable fit. It's adjustable . . . all-elastic . . . non-binding!

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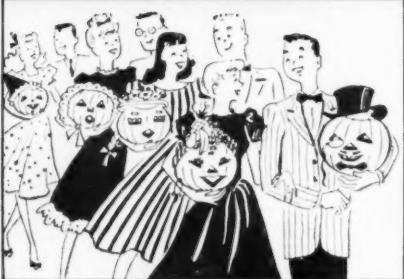
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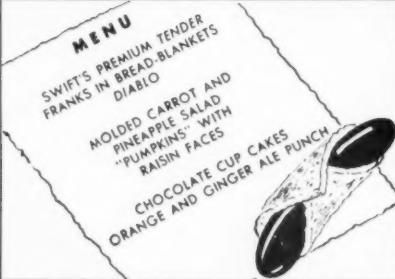
# My HALLOWE'EN "PUNKIN PARADE" really wowed the crowd!



When I invited the gang to a new kind of masquerade, I just said, "Bring yourself and pumpkin to my Hallowe'en Party. Best-dressed jack-o'-lantern wins a prize!"



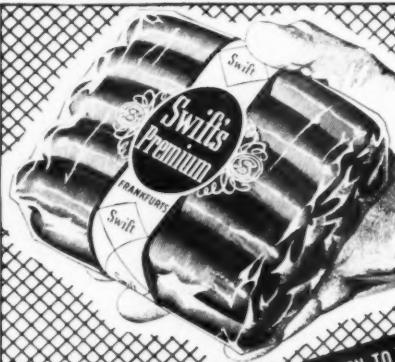
We had the "Punkin Parade" after breaking the ice with some old-favorite Hallowe'en games, and dancing. Dottie won first prize. Her pumpkin looked like a Brazilian blues singer!



To make Franks Diablo, dip Swift's Premium tender Franks in barbecue sauce, place on bread slices spread with table fat, roll and fasten with toothpick — then toast in broiling oven.



Thank goodness, Mother ordered plenty of those delectable Swift's Premium tender Franks. I thought the crowd would never stop eating. Tom (he's super) said my refreshments should win a prize!



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Cellophane-Wrap Pack

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10:30 A. M. NEW YORK TIME

# Swift's Premium tender Franks

# THE American Girl

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Cover photograph by William Benedict

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VOLUME XXX

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NUMBER X

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# SHE TESTS NEW RECIPES

## *The Story of MARYLEE DUEHRING*

Making up and testing recipes to be used in preparing meals on General Electric Automatic Ranges are a large part of Marylee Duehring's job.

In an experimental kitchen she works to improve recipes of all kinds—pineapple pork chops, pecan fudge cake, almond cherry pie and countless more. These recipes are used by other senior Home Economists at the G-E Consumers Institute at Bridgeport, Connecticut.

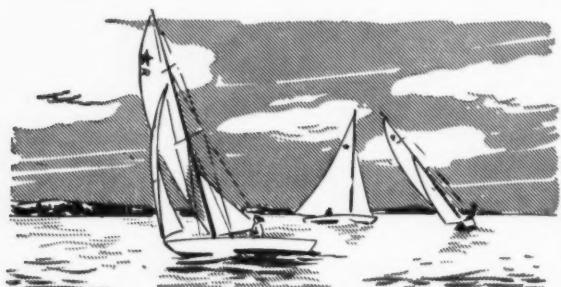
Marylee and her fellow workers give demonstrations to prove the effectiveness of the appliances in the Institute. Using the recipes which Marylee has worked out, these demonstrators cook sample meals and demonstrate them to people taking courses at the Institute. Then the students are allowed to try them out in the model electric kitchens.  
*General Electric, Schenectady, New York.*



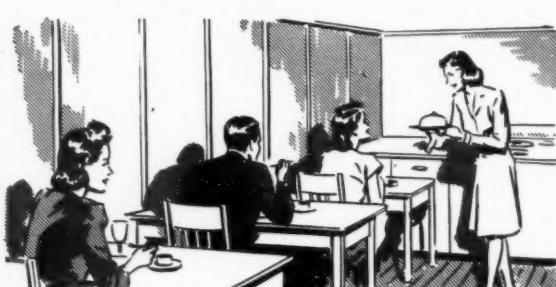
Her mother taught home economics to the Girl Scouts in Marylee's troop, and it was this training that stimulated her first interest in the subject. Redecorating their houses with her mother was fun.



Marylee attended Syracuse University where she majored in Foods and Business and was graduated with a B.S. degree. This background was good preparation for her work with General Electric.

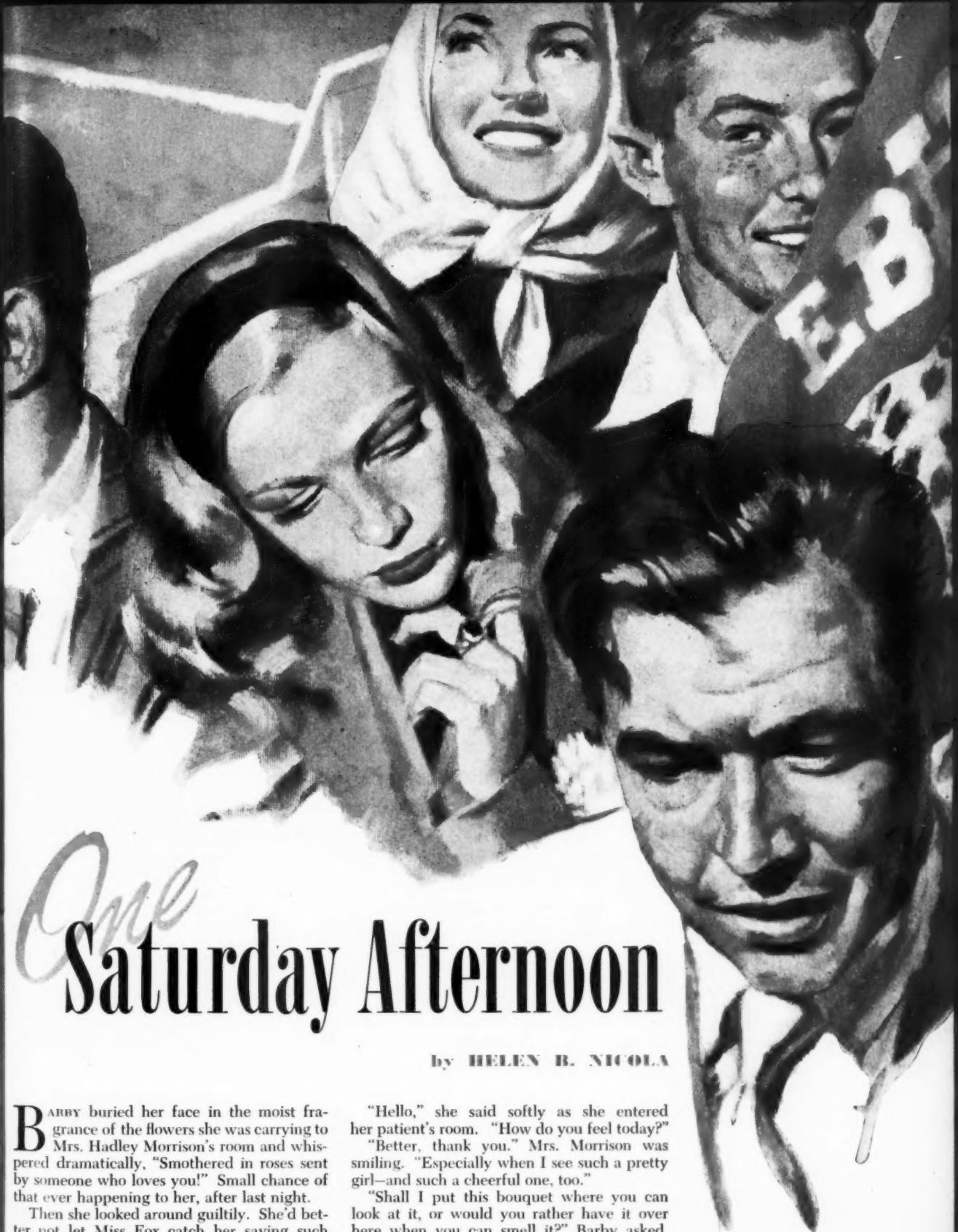


Interested in sports, at high school Marylee had specialized in hockey. But when she went to college her main sporting interests shifted to archery and sailing—especially to sailing.



One of the most interesting parts of her work is testing out her recipes on human "guinea pigs." While testing, the testers are not allowed to talk or smoke because it might affect their ability to judge the food.

**GENERAL**  **ELECTRIC**



*One*

# Saturday Afternoon

by HELEN B. NICOLA

**B**ARBY buried her face in the moist fragrance of the flowers she was carrying to Mrs. Hadley Morrison's room and whispered dramatically, "Smothered in roses sent by someone who loves you!" Small chance of that ever happening to her, after last night.

Then she looked around guiltily. She'd better not let Miss Fox catch her saying such things in West Wing D. But Miss Fox, head nurse of the East Brookville Hospital, was busy at her desk, issuing orders to other Junior Nurses' Aides, and Barby hurried along.

"Hello," she said softly as she entered her patient's room. "How do you feel today?"

"Better, thank you." Mrs. Morrison was smiling. "Especially when I see such a pretty girl—and such a cheerful one, too."

"Shall I put this bouquet where you can look at it, or would you rather have it over here when you can smell it?" Barby asked, blushing furiously. It always made her uncomfortable to have anyone mention her looks. She was so sure that she wasn't at all pretty, because she was small for sixteen, and

had such disgustingly straight yellow hair. As for being cheerful—well, that just proved how unobservant grownups could be.

"Put the flowers on the dresser, dear, just back of the picture."

Barby placed the photograph of Mrs. Morrison's naval-officer son in front of the vase of talisman roses, then stood back and squinted, to study the effect.

"Have you heard from him lately?" she inquired idly.

Mrs. Morrison's pale face glowed as she answered, "He was here last night and brought me the roses."

"How nice," murmured Barby automatically, thinking only of her own troubles, for which there was no one to blame but herself and her dreadful shyness.

Since school had opened in September she'd silently been worshiping Richard Bellew, captain of the East Brookville High football team and the handsomest and most popular boy in the senior class. She'd been contented with this long-distance adoration until she'd seen Suzy Hunter, red-haired, sophisticated, but no older than herself, make a play for him and get away with it. It was then Barby'd had her bright idea.

She'd heckled her father, who was the coach, into having a meeting of the football squad at their house instead of at the gym. She'd washed and



### At first, Barby saw Butch as someone on the odd side, but luckily she took a second look

brushed her hair till it was soft as butter, she'd put on her new pink slip-over, and she'd practiced a line with an imaginary Richard the whole afternoon. But when her mother gave her the tray of cookies and cider to take in to the boys, her stomach had gone all feathery at the thought of actually speaking to Richard, and she'd refused to leave the kitchen.

Barby returned to the present with a start. She had almost forgotten her patient. She dipped a finger into the vase of roses. "They could stand a little water," she decided. "I'll get some in a jiffy."

"Here we are," she said brightly a few moments later, as she backed through the door, carrying an aluminum pitcher. "I'll just—" She turned around and her voice trailed off, while her arms and legs felt like boiled noodles. She started for the door, but stopped as Mrs. Morrison said,

"Do you know Richard, Barbara?"

Did she know Richard? Every inch of his six feet three, every wave of his seal-brown hair!

He rose from the chair beside the bed but Barby could only blush and murmur an unintelligible acknowledgement of the introduction. Then he continued his conversation with Mrs. Morrison and Barby started to pour water into the vase. You nitwit, she upbraided herself, you might at least have offered to shake hands. Another opportunity muffed!

"I'll be running along now," Richard said. "Will you give my best to the sailor?"

"Why don't you stop by the house and have lunch with him?" Mrs. Morrison suggested.

"I'd like to, but I have to play this afternoon."

"That's so. I heard Hadley say he'd like to go to the game. Well, thank your mother for the book. I shall en—"

Barby's gasp shattered Mrs. Morrison's sentence. "Oh-h!" she cried. "What have I done?" She'd been dreaming: If he should ask me to go with him to Rod's Cabin after the game, I'd say, "Sorry, but I have another engagement." He'd say, "I insist. I've heard you are the most graceful dancer in East Brook-

ville High." And then I'd tell him—

And then the water overflowed the vase and cascaded down the front of the bureau. The comb and brush and the picture slipped on the glass top and a bottle of oil of wintergreen toppled over and broke, filling the room with its pungent scent. She seized a towel and began to mop up the mess.

"Here, let me!" Richard took the towel from her shaking hand and in a jiffy had cleaned up the oily pool.

"Never mind, Barbara," Mrs. Morrison comforted her, after Richard had gone. "No harm's done. Now, would you like to do something for me?"

"Of course," Barby quavered, wishing she'd never been born.

"Hadley told me he'd like to go to the game this afternoon, but he's home so little that he knows very few young people here. So I've been wondering whether you'd be willing to go with him?"

Barby hesitated. She had planned to go with the East Brookville crowd, sit in the cheering section, and scream herself hoarse for Richard. She glanced at

look

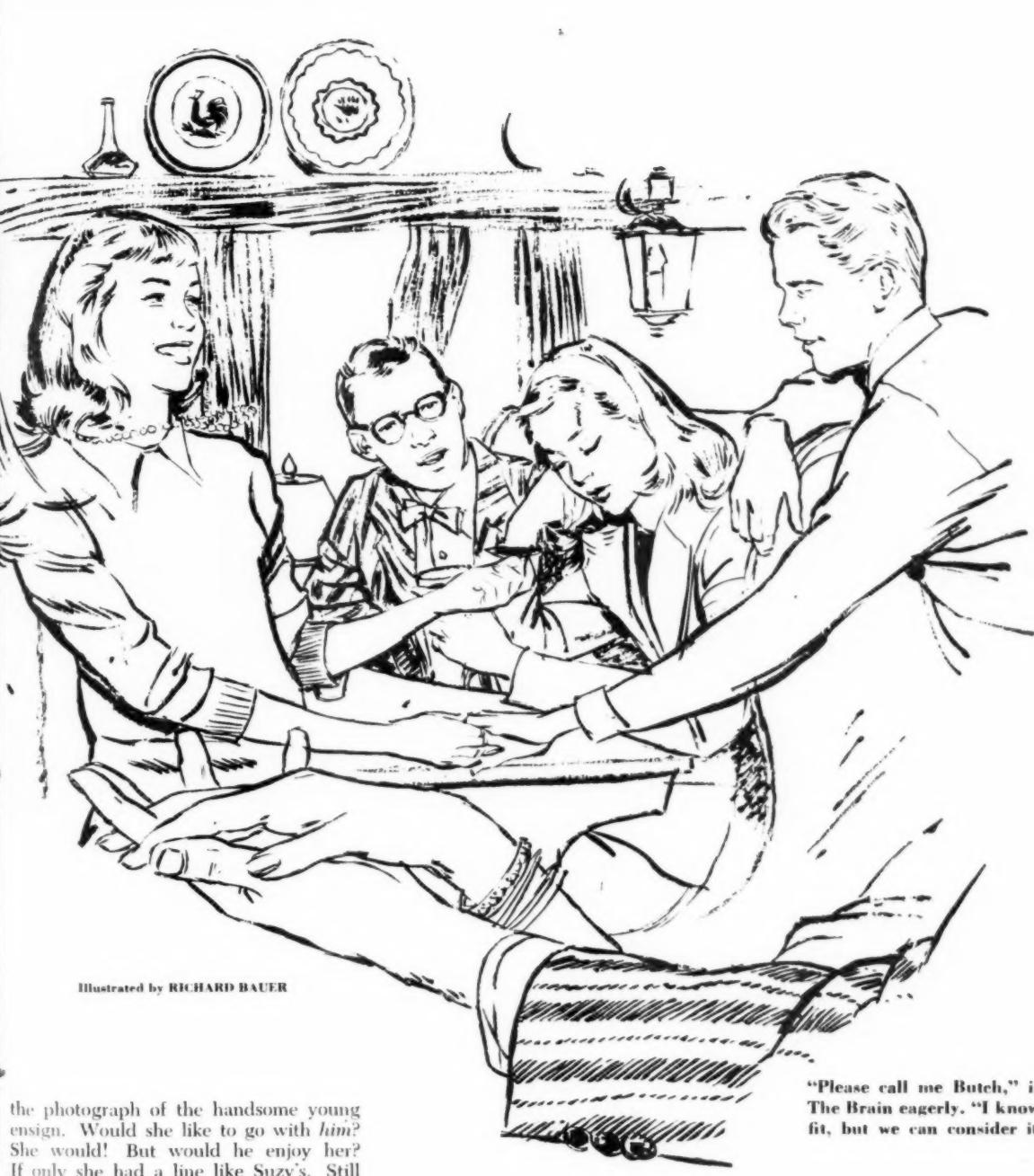
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Illustrated by RICHARD BAUER

the photograph of the handsome young ensign. Would she like to go with him? She would! But would he enjoy her? If only she had a line like Suzy's. Still—she realized that Mrs. Morrison was waiting for her answer, and she said quickly, "I'd love to go."

"That's fine. Then I'll have Hadley call for you at one thirty."

By one fifteen Barby was dressed, and suddenly excited. After all, Mrs. Morrison's son was very good looking.

At one thirty a black car as long as a locomotive stopped at the curb and a uniformed chauffeur opened the door. A boy stepped out and started up the path.

"Who's he?" Barby wondered.

"How do you do?" said the boy, when Barby answered his ring. "I'm Hadley Morrison, Jr. I assume that you are Barbara Ryan. Mother said that you would accompany me to the game."

When Barby recovered her breath, she looked at Hadley Morrison, Jr., and loathed what she saw. He wasn't any older than she was; he was short, owlish-looking in horn-rimmed spectacles, and he talked like a book instead of a boy.

"I—I was sort of—expecting someone from the Navy. The picture in your mother's room at the hospital—I—I—" she sputtered.

"An explicable mistake. The photograph is that of my brother Michael, named for my maternal grandfather."

"Oh—I see," Barby murmured. "I've got to get out of going to the game with this—this character, she thought. They'll

"Please call me Butch," interrupted The Brain eagerly. "I know it doesn't fit, but we can consider it satirical!"

laugh at me, particularly Suzy. But what can I tell him?

She looked at Hadley, Jr. again and thought, Poor little guy! It isn't his fault I didn't ask the name of the boy in the picture, but just imagined things.

She swallowed hard and told him, "We'd better get going. You wouldn't want to miss the kickoff, would you?"

When they reached the car, the chauffeur helped her in and tucked a moleskin robe around her knees.

"This is for you." Hadley held out a huge bronze chrysanthemum. "Will you wear it? I think it will blend with the  
(Continued on page 42)



Twelve years ago this first and most popular of all the Bobo stories was published in "The American Girl"! In response to the loud clamors of all you thousands of Bobo fans, we reprint it here for our 30th anniversary

by EDITH  
BALLINGER PRICE

Illustrated By  
SYLVIA HAGGANDER

Mr. Bristle snatched the Handbook from Bobo. "Humph," he said presently

# Girl Shout Week

BODO WITHERSPOON had so lately been a Brownie that her wings were barely furred after flying up to the Girl Scout troop. It was a troop in which every one happened to be considerably older than Bobo, and Jane Burke, her patrol leader, looked her over a bit dubiously at one of those first meetings. The troop had sought patrol corners to talk over important matters, and the new member certainly looked very small and out of place.

"Well, Bobo," said Jane in a rather too motherly voice, "you'll have to stretch yourself to keep step, I'm afraid; but it's a good way to learn the ropes quickly."

"But I know the ropes already," Bobo informed her. "I just passed *all* my Tenderfoot knots—you ask Miss Roberts."

The patrol delightedly giggled and punched one another, but Jane frowned upon them. "Good," she told Bobo. "But you know there's a great deal ahead of you, a great deal. Now," she proceeded, addressing the older members of her group, "we've got a lot ahead of us. Do you realize Girl Scout Week is just around the corner—and what are we going to do about it?"

Jane was sucking a lemon drop as she spoke, and Bobo immediately and unshakably got the impression that it was Girl Shout Week which was just around the corner.

"We never do enough," said Lillian. "The other troops seem to be full of bright intellects that put over something really outstanding."

"We've simply got to make a lot of noise about it this year," Betty decided. "This town isn't Scout-conscious yet."

"I'll say it isn't," Vera put in. "Why, I keep reading about other places where the Community Chest hands over huge sums for Scouting, and all the businessmen are excited about it, and

the Chamber of Commerce really takes it seriously, and all that sort of thing."

"Imagine our Chamber of Commerce even knowing there *was* such a thing as a Girl Scout," Helen sighed.

"Well, what are we going to do about it?" Jane demanded.

"What does Miss Roberts think?"

"She's leaving it pretty much up to us this year," Jane answered. "That's why each and every one of us has got to think and think hard—and then do, after we've thought."

"Do what?" whispered Bobo to her neighbor on the left.

"Tell people all about Scouting," Vera hissed. "Show what we can do. That's what this week is for."

"How about a pageant?" Helen was wondering.

"Not enough time left," Jane said.

"We'll all go to church in uniform, of course," Betty reminded them.

"Couldn't we have a big sale—collect white elephants, or sell lollipops or something?"

Bobo frowned, thinking that it would be almost impossible to collect even a few ordinary gray elephants. Circus time was past, and the pachyderms were notably absent from the streets of the home town. Why choose anything so difficult?

"We could have a rally, or a play-day," Lillian proposed.

"No," said Jane firmly, "it's not a time to amuse *ourselves*. It's supposed to bring Girl Scouting before the public—make them realize what it's all about—stir up interest in trying to get the day camp on that land of old Bristle's—let people know we're really useful in the community. And we've got to make *ourselves heard*."

"I suppose that's why it's called Shout Week," thought Bobo. "When does it start?" she asked aloud.

"Two weeks from tomorrow," Jane informed her. "If you're lively, you'll be invested by then, and be able to wear the uniform like the rest of us."

Bobo set herself to be lively. So diligent was she, and so much in earnest—hunting up Miss Roberts in season and out, in order to display her latest bit of Tenderfoot knowledge—that there really was no earthly reason why she should not be invested at her fifth meeting, which fell on the day before Girl Scout Week opened. Truth to tell, Miss Roberts had viewed Bobo quite as dubiously as had Jane, when she flew up to the troop. She tacked such extraordinary interpretations of her own on to the simplest words—garbled statements and directions; you never could tell what might emerge as Bobo's version of the most ordinary thing. Yet she had, too, such endearing, rather puppylike qualities—such beseeching brown eyes, such blundering eagerness and clumsy enthusiasm. She seemed to be always underfoot, but always cheery and full of misdirected zeal. Yes, Miss Roberts decided, she was very like a puppy—a perfect nuisance, yet most ingratiatingly so.

The investiture was attended by no serious mishap, other than Bobo changing from the Brownie to the Scout salute and back again several times during the course of it. And on the

following day, which was Scout Sunday, she appeared at church in a uniform so glitteringly new that it was impossible not to notice it. Her Brownie wings spread across her bosom in a blaze of glory; her Tenderfoot pin shone like a star. But it was after the service that a curious new tendency began to be noticed by all who came in contact with her. As the congregation filed out through the wide Gothic doorway into the autumn sunshine, Bobo grasped the hand of the clergyman who was greeting his parishioners, and shouted at the top of her considerable lung power, "**GOOD MORNING, DR. BACON! I'M A GIRL SCOUT NOW!"**

"Why, so I see," the reverend gentleman hastened to agree, backing away a little. "So you are. Your uniform is very impressive, and quite spick-and-span. Dear me, I see there are a number of other Girl Scouts in church this morning. I hadn't noticed them before."

Bobo smiled with satisfaction and passed on.

"My dear child," said Mrs. Witherspoon, "do you think Dr. Bacon is stone deaf? Why on earth did you shout at him like that?"

"It's all right, Mother," Bobo said complacently. "You see, he noticed the Scouts. It worked." *(Continued on page 28)*

The president and all the stenographers sat transfixed as Bobo greeted Mr. Burrows at the top of her lungs



Courtesy of Harper's Bazaar



A new magazine called "The Rally" was born in 1917—when our boys were landing in France and ladies' skirts (top left) were growing most shockingly short! About then girls collected Mary Pickford photos and boys wished they could pitch like young Babe Ruth



Culver Service



1920-23



Jazz, radios, and dashing bathing beauties (right) marked that earlier postwar era. In 1920, women got the vote (above left) and "The Rally" changed its name to "The American Girl"—a full-fledged magazine now (above right)! Everyone talked about the housing shortage then; sang "Yes, We Have No Bananas"; and they thronged to see Al Jolson in his first sound film (above)



Culver Service

by HARRIET WARREN

FLESH-COLORED stockings would have shocked you then, and you'd have looked askance at ladies who bobbed their hair or left off their corsets or their spats. If you'd lived in that year you would have been knitting wristlets for the boys overseas, eating your cereal without sugar, and singing "Over There." For it was 1917—thirty long years ago.

Such a busy and exciting year it was that you might not have noticed a new magazine which rolled off the press about the time the first American troops of World War I were landing in France. It wasn't called THE AMERICAN GIRL, but THE RALLY, and it was so modest that it was really only a pamphlet. As a matter of fact, if you'd flicked through a copy it wouldn't have interested you very much, for its eight pages had no exciting stories or fashion features, no good-grooming and dating advice—only news of Girl Scouting, directed to grown-up Scout workers.

But in the summer of 1918, when the German retreat across the Marne was beginning, and a young fellow named Babe Ruth was starring for the Red Sox, THE RALLY had a new look. It had a new editor, too, the daughter of Albert Bigelow Paine, and while there were only sixteen pages, they were of heavy, coated paper now. The magazine carried picture covers, and inside, photographs of Girl Scouts and even an occasional drawing. The first fiction, "Sister's Vacation," a story by Josephine Daskam Bacon, the new department for young readers' contributions, and a "Scribes' Corner" (the grandmother of "A Penny for Your Thoughts") were proof that teen-age girls were taking over the magazine lock, stock, and barrel.

THE RALLY celebrated its first birthday by launching a serial—the reprint of a story by Kate Douglas Wiggin, "Half A Dozen Housekeepers," and at the end of the next year the individual and troop subscribers had climbed to the exciting total of 6500. The war was over then, and people were talking about the housing shortage, humming "Japanese Sandman," and going to see Mary Pickford in "Pollyanna."

Lots of things happened in 1920. Women got the vote and flappers were abandoning the corset, and jazz, radios, and bathing beauties were becoming institutions. Big things were happening at THE RALLY, too. Biggest of all, it changed its name that year to "THE AMERICAN GIRL, A Magazine for Girl Scouts and Girls Who Love Scouting." It grew bigger—to twenty pages—and began to carry such features as interviews with movie stars and a joke page sometimes called "Girl Scout Wit," sometimes "Girl Scout Smiles."

For about a year (1922-1923) the magazine was printed in two sections. One, devoted to the interests of girls themselves, contained a serial, short stories, an editorial, a nature article, a play, a stamp page, and the "Scribes' Corner." The other section carried news of Girl Scouting to adults in the field, just as THE RALLY had done.

Everybody was singing "Barney Google" and playing Mah Jong, and King Tut's tomb was opened, about the time a new editor came to the magazine. Her name was Helen Ferris, and her imaginative mind and executive hand soon showed up in its pages. One of her earliest issues (October, 1923) carried the first color cover, and inside, too, new features, such as

# Thirty

a beauty and fashion series, were added. There were charmingly decorated reprints of poems by such well-known poets as Arthur Guiterman, Walter de la Mare, and Robert Frost; a book page by May Lamberton Becker; while the by-lines of Carolyn Wells, Sophie Swett, Elizabeth Jordan, and many other prominent authors appeared. Now the subtitle of the magazine read, "A Magazine for All Girls Published by The Girl Scouts," which it still is today. THE AMERICAN GIRL was ten years old then—big (at least forty-two pages) and strong (some 45,000 subscribers)!

It was 1927, the year Lindbergh flew the Atlantic and Henry Ford unveiled the Model A, that Helen Ferris moved on to become editor of the Junior Literary Guild. Margaret Mochrie took over the editorship of THE AMERICAN GIRL, making no radical changes in the editorial policies or format, but guiding the magazine with unusually good judgment, so that even in the grim depression years the subscription list prospered and the fine roll of contributors grew. There were Pearl Buck, Mrs. Herbert Hoover, Edith Ballinger Price, Helen Hokinson, Boris Artzybasheff, and many other names you know. The "Scatter" stories then were as popular as the Downing family today, and career articles kept the "Scribes' Corner" filled with delighted letters from readers.

**I**N 1933 the circulation thermometer in THE AMERICAN GIRL office registered 72,000. That was the year F.D.R. called the bank holiday, the Government was employing the jobless on WPA projects, and the skiing craze began to hit the north.

In June of that year Anne Stoddard took the reins of what was then the only teen-age girls' magazine. A former editor of books for boys and girls in a big publishing house and a juvenile author in her own right, Mrs. Stoddard had many new ideas for the magazine. For one thing, the Table of Contents, hitherto tucked away in the back of the book, showed up now on page 3—listing in clear, legible type such headings as Stories, Poems, Articles, Girl Scout Features. Paintings by famous American artists were reproduced as full-page frontispieces. The series of career articles boomed, and more cooking, decorating, dressmaking, and etiquette features were included. "In Step With the Times" began, and the contests were continued—photography, poetry, hobbies. As for the fiction, such immortal characters as Bobo, Midge, and Lucy Ellen joined the ranks, and a large number of books were made from compilations of stories and articles which had appeared first in THE AMERICAN GIRL.

Not long before VE Day, Mrs. Stoddard retired and Esther R. Bien took the editor's chair, bringing great energy, a keen sense of humor, and wide experience to the job. To be sure, paper, office space, authors and artists were as scarce as nylons, but carefully and slowly she made the many changes you've been welcoming in your magazine since the September, 1945 issue. New type, new format, more color, more fashion pages, more puzzles, cartoons, fashion covers, useful and entertaining features and articles are sending the circulation of the oldest teen-age girls' magazine straight on up past the 400,000 mark.

For more about the present staff and the newest leaf in THE AMERICAN GIRL history, turn the page.

To celebrate our 30th birthday, we take time off and travel back over our exciting past. Care to join us?

1927



Culver Service



Courtesy of Vogue



1933



Culver Service

In 1933 Anne Stoddard took over the editorship of "The American Girl." It was the year of the first Roosevelt Fireside Chat, and of the bank holiday. The ski craze hit New England and snow trains were beginning, while from Washington sprang an epidemic of initials—such as NRA and WPA (above).

1945

The first colored photograph appeared on the cover of our September, 1945, issue and marked the start of a new era in the history of the oldest magazine for girls. A new format, more fashions and features were typical changes



Cameraman or not, work goes on at The American Girl office. Here the editor-in-chief (back to camera) holds a joint conference with her fashion and art departments. The weighty subject under discussion? Your October cover—the girl, the coat, the background. Ideas flew thick and fast, but everyone was satisfied with the result. We hope you are!

Photos by  
Tom Halloway



## .....and LOOK-going stronger

Ruth Baker hails from Boston, went to Smith, then worked on two small magazines in a "sort of Girl Friday capacity." This is a characteristic pose, fine for dreaming up pithy captions or new ideas for your articles.



Above: In the office of the managing editor your magazine is "made." Priscilla Slade and assistant Mary Reardon cut, paste, read proof, keep an eye on the printer and engraver, meet a dozen crises per average day. At home, Miss Slade gardens avidly; Miss Reardon is the aunt of twelve very lively nieces and nephews.



This is the art department: Phil Hummerstone, director, and Sharon Melick, assistant. They lay out each issue, deal calmly with a hectic stream of artists, photographers, models. Mrs. Melick has an eye for new fashions and hairdos, while Phil Hummerstone likes to take his son out to see the Dodgers play.

**B**ECAUSE we know it's fun to see and hear about the people who work on the magazines we read, we thought you'd be interested in a little inside information on your AMERICAN GIRL editorial staff. So we brought a pleasant candid cameraman into the office one busy morning, and told him to go to it. He began flashing bulbs all over the place and here are some of the results. As you see, we're not all raving beauties by any means, but we work hard and get along well together and have a good time, in our rather unusual quarters—an old New York City house, once a private mansion, a few blocks away from Girl Scout National Headquarters.

We moved here about two years ago because Girl Scout Headquarters was already bursting at the seams and new editor-in-chief Esther R. Bien felt we needed room to grow. You see Esther Bien in the top right-hand picture, typically just on the point of saying, "I'll do it if it's humanly possible!" She utters that remark at least ten times a day, and the amazing thing is that most things *do* seem to be possible when she and the staff get their heads together. She works energetic hours at her desk, admits that even after hours she has fun taking your jokes and letters home to read in bed. And like

*than ever!*

all the rest of the staff she is always ready for a good laugh or a celebration. Though the reception room often looks like a subway station at 5:05 P.M., and telephones never stop jangling, and oftener than not they're drilling in the street that separates us from Rockefeller Center, she and her staff manage, one way or another, to concentrate on troublesome captions, put a prospective author on the track of an article that will interest you, or solve knotty editorial problems.

We're not always in the state in which the movies picture editorial offices. In fact, some days are calm and serene. But there are also the times when deadlines are nipping at our heels and things are definitely hectic, with everybody reading big batches of proof, madly refitting copy—and the fashion department is out photographing for next month's issue!

And incidentally, the editor was right about needing more office space to expand. Five of the people pictured here have been added to the staff in the last two years, to handle the added fashions, features, and departments which have shot the circulation and the tally of reader mail to an all-time high.

The three staff members already on deck when Esther Bien took over are managing editor Priscilla Slade (ex-model, ex-copy writer); her right-hand woman, Mary Reardon, (who's been with the magazine for fourteen years, and has more amusing and accurate information than an almanac); and fiction editor Marjorie Cinta (author of "Mascoot for Tony" and the "Captain Kit" series, and the owner of a colossal number of hats). Art director Phil Hummerstone (well-known cartoonist, who's the proud father of Cub Scout Robert and Brownie Jane) and Sharon Melick (who hails from California) came to the art department two years ago, about the same time Ruth Baker (who's enthusiastic about skiing, swimming, and square dancing) came down from Boston to deal with articles and rewrite. Frances Koltun, who flies all over the country running American Girl Fashion Shows, you may have met yourself; while Marjorie Russell, her able assistant and our most recent bride, came to the staff a few months ago from two years overseas with the Red Cross. And, of course, there are a lot of other important people here who run the magazine's business and advertising departments, and whose pictures unfortunately we didn't have space to print.

THE END



An inveterate doodler, Esther Bien draws elephants while listening to callers. She also likes to watch a good tennis match as much as she used to enjoy wielding a racket herself when she was at Barnard and the Columbia School of Journalism. Now editor-in-chief of this oldest magazine for girls, she works at full steam to make it better and bigger and fuller of the stories, articles, and features you ask for in your many letters. Her teen-age nephew and two god-daughters serve as guinea pigs for new ideas



Above: caught in an unusually peaceful pose, fashion editor Frances Koltun and assistant Margery Russell talk over a merchandise problem. Usually it's rush, rush, rush—to market, to the photographer's, to an American Girl Fashion Show in a distant city—in the lives of these two bright, busy, and tall young ladies



Left: Luckily Marjorie Cinta has always loved to read! As our fiction editor and book reviewer she usually has a manuscript in hand, while her office looks like a bookshop. For many years she summered on Lake Champlain and spent the winters in Cuba—backgrounds that she uses now in stories she writes for you

TIMED F



# TOUCHDOWNNS

As you rush off for school in the morning now, you feel a wonderful crispness in the air and you begin to notice that the leaves are turning all the colors of an artist's palette. Your feet tap as you hear the band rehearsals going full swing after school, and your heart cheers as you watch the big team warming up for practice scrimmage.

There's a new lift to your spirits, for it's fall again—time for football games and all the other exciting fall doings. Shown on these four fashion pages are ten grandstand favorites, outstanding fashions designed for winter warmth and styled right for you and the needs of your busy life.



*Opposite page, top:* Ronnie Ann's flare-back, fleece coat (left) with three-way belt, about \$35 in sizes 8-16. *Right:* real leopard buttons enrich Bambury-Hi's wool suède coat with choirboy collar and full cuffs. In sizes 10-16, about \$40. *Opposite page, below:* For blustery days, an officer's coat with belted back, waistline tucks. By Barbara Coat in sizes 10-14, about \$35; hooded, about \$40. *Center:* Cavalier greatcoat of fleece, sizes 10-16, with its matching, feathered calot. By Young Classics, it's about \$40. *Above:* Huge patch pockets on a warm, fleece flare-back Vogue Girl Coat. Sizes 10-14 and about \$35. Look for all these coats at the stores listed on page 28

Hats by Madcap. Gloves by Wear-Right



!/RAH!

Torn between a plaid and solid color?  
Pre-Teen combines both effectively in a new  
wool-and-rayon fashion (above, left) with front  
peplum and gay metal buttons. And cheered by  
those who love snug-fitting waistlines—  
Rainbow's wool jersey (above, right) with  
elasticized midriff, piqué collar, jewel buttons.  
Both dresses for the young teen in sizes 10-14

Loud applause for this back-buttoning Dell Town  
wool crêpe (right) with its simulated leopard belt!  
Interesting simple tab neckline, a suitable  
setting for your favorite piece of jewelry, and the  
soft skirt is easy to wear. In teen sizes 10-16



# RAH! RAH! AH!



• • • And under your coat you'll wear these high-scoring fashions, smartly designed dresses to be worn from the first kickoff until the last touchdown and right on to the big get-together with the gang afterward. You'll love their accent on the new, rich autumn colors; you'll find them all priced under \$11. The stores where you can buy them are listed on page 28.

Easy, full skirt, scalloped neckline, and coachman's tabs on a Sandra Lee Tegra dress (top, right) made for teens in sizes 10-16

Flattering to everyone is the scalloped bertha collar on this Tegra Prep Teen fashion (right) with push-up sleeves and front fullness in the skirt. For young teens in sizes 10-14

by FRANCES KOLTUN

Photographs by  
WILLIAM BENEDICT





# Bowling

AJBC isn't a new bureau in Washington, nor even an old one you missed hearing about. No, that alphabet soup stands for American Junior Bowling Congress. Organized for and by student bowlers, and formerly called the American High School Bowling Congress, it aims to pump new fun for teen-agers into the seven thousand year old sport.

Off to a fine start just before the war, AJBC coasted along for the duration, until its director doffed his Air Forces uniform. Now it's again chartering boys' and girls' leagues all over the country—273 leagues in 29 States at this writing, in fact, if statistics impress you.

The AJBC knows that bowling can help you gain rhythm, grace, co-ordination. It can give you exercise and social poise all at once, and develop qualities of good sportsmanship. Not the least of its advantages is the fact that girls can learn to play as well as boys. And if you've ever heard the clack of tenpins toppling, you know it can be thrilling, too. So put on a comfortable swing skirt or a pair of slacks, and you're all set to start.

Just to show you, first, that you won't be taking up any fly-by-night activity, here are a few facts about this sport. Since 5200 B.C. people have played it. The equipment may not have been exactly the same as you'll find at your modern maple establishment, with its fluorescent lighting, and most assuredly the ancient Egyptians had a somewhat different set of rules. But the principle of rolling your missile at standing pin targets hasn't changed a bit.

In the Middle Ages bowling was a favorite of knights and dukes, and historians claim that Sir Francis Drake insisted on finishing a little tournament at the very moment the Spanish Armada was approaching the English coast.

An outdoor variety known as bowls was brought over to America by early Dutch settlers. It took some clever side-

stepping to keep it going during the Puritan era, for the black-frocked New England leaders passed stern ordinances against "ninepins." To get around the law in a nice way, a new game called "tenpins" was introduced.

Today, dozens of bowling establishments in hundreds of cities and towns have won parents' approval, and team play, nourished by AJBC, is becoming standard procedure for both boys and girls. They're not all experts, either. A big point is that anybody can have fun bowling, even the lowliest beginner.

Though there was a team in one Philadelphia high school as early as 1907, the AJBC itself started in Tilden Technical High School, Chicago, where a league was organized in 1935. This pioneer unit consisted of four teams, each made up of four students and a teacher. Within three years Chicago had thirty-one school leagues, all approved by the Board of Education. Then, in September, 1941, the Congress formally came into being, with directors, rules of procedure, a handicapping system, and a chance for each member of each team in each league to share in honors and awards.

Milton Raymer, a former Tilden teacher who thought up the whole idea, then went into the Army. But he's back now as AJBC's executive secretary, with an office at 10417 South Campbell Avenue, Chicago, where simple directions for starting a league can be obtained.

If you ask Mr. Raymer, he will tell you that the first step is to query the bowling-establishment proprietors of your city or town on their interest in helping along student bowling. As grownups can't usually find time to bowl on school afternoons and Saturday mornings, you probably won't have any trouble making preliminary arrangements for exclusive use of the lanes at those times. And the very word "exclusive" ought to overcome the last parental objection.

It generally costs about twenty-five cents per player to bowl a game, but because you'll be steady and regular customers—perhaps even for years after you finish school—many a proprietor is willing to put aside ten cents every week from each league member's bowling fees for your league fund. This money will be enough to cover all clerical expenses, with enough left over for a banquet at the end of the season.

After arrangements have been made tentatively with the bowling establishment, an invitation should be extended to all students to attend a meeting where plans for bowling clubs will be announced. Again let it be emphasized that you don't have to know a thing about bowling to sign up—you get plenty of chance to learn later on.

Teachers, too, should be invited to this first meeting, and to the second one when student officers are elected. You're going to need a teacher as a supervisor. Student officers, by the way, should be boys and girls with enthusiasm and a sense of responsibility. They can make or break your league.

Numbers? A league of four, six, eight, or ten teams is recommended, with three to five members on each team. Mixed leagues are all right, but in the long run it's wiser to

# Them Over

by DORIS GREENBERG

All about the up-and-coming organization that's pumping new, teen-age fun into an ancient sport

have all-girl and all-boy leagues. This makes it easier in tournaments when both boys' and girls' prizes are offered.

And now your group is on hand for its first real session in the bowling establishment, where twelve to fifty eager students are gathered around the faculty advisers and the proprietor who, by the way, is usually very expert and will explain the fine points of the game to you.

Even if you've never bowled before, you're bound to recognize the smooth expanses of wood stretching in front of you. Then on either side of each lane, marking the boundaries, are gutters into which a badly aimed ball will roll harmlessly. And down at the end—about sixty feet away—are the pins, standing up in the inflexible, triangle-shaped pattern that is marked on the floor for the guidance of pin boys who set them up.

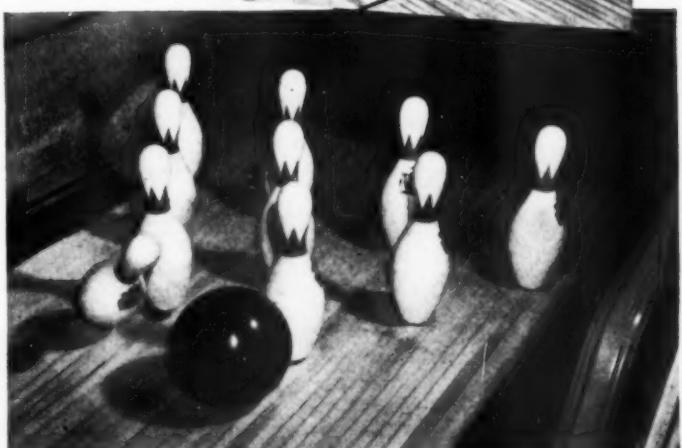
Immediately ahead of you are the foul lines, beyond which you must not slide when delivering your ball. The balls themselves will be lined up on racks near the foul lines and you'll be told that you can choose the one which feels best to you. These large black missiles weigh between twelve and sixteen pounds; some have two finger holes; others three. The object of bowling, you'll be told, is to send one of these balls down the lane in such a manner that all ten of the pins are toppled over in one shot.

Your instructor will advise you to take an easy, relaxed stance well back of the foul line, facing the pins, holding the ball with the fingers of your right hand, cradling it in your left palm. (If you are left-handed, of course, you just reverse this.) To keep from sliding and also to lengthen the life of the highly polished floor, he'll suggest your wearing bowling shoes, which can be rented at the bowling establishment, or purchased for as little as five dollars if you prefer.

Now watch your instructor carefully as he demonstrates the proper approach and delivery of the bowling ball. Try to pattern your approach and delivery after the instructor's.

There are variations, as you'll be told—but honestly, bowling isn't difficult. A tip is to concentrate on the ball, not the pins. You should aim it down an imaginary line which starts about six to eight inches inside the right edge of the lane, and runs to the head pin.

(Continued on page 49)



Opposite page: Don't concentrate on the pins, but on the ball! This large black missile weighs from twelve to sixteen pounds, has two or three holes for fingers.

Above, top: Take an easy stance back of the foul line and deliver the ball down the lane in imaginary line toward pins. Bowling shoes will help prevent sliding.

Above: The head pin is down and it looks like a sure "strike"! Steadiness counts more than brute strength in this game, and practice can make you a topnotcher

# Shoestring Theater

by NANCY HARTWELL

## THE STORY SO FAR

When the Darnells—Celia, Ann, and Susan—dreamed up the Locust Lane Players, they hesitated to accept the help of the town's most influential woman, Mrs. Torresy, because of her reputation for running anything with which she was associated. But it was a question of no Mrs. Torresy, no theater, when that lady persuaded the Chamber of Commerce to lend the group \$1,000 to finance the project. Reed Lester, a budding playwright and Celia's current beau, agreed to come to Locust Lane for the summer if his play could be produced. To circumvent Mrs. Torresy, the Players hurried to get into production with Mrs. Meggs as director. Mrs. Meggs had been a Broadway star, but kept her actress past a secret for fear of hurting her doctor husband's practice. But Mrs. Torresy was not so easily sidetracked. Rehearsals of Reed's play were well under way when she suddenly appeared with a young man, called V. V., whom she had highhandedly hired in New York to direct the group. V. V. immediately substituted a Broadway hit for Reed's play and hired a professional actress, Estelle Eden, as guest star. Celia seemed fascinated by the new director, but Ann and Bill suspected that V. V. had more than a professional interest in Estelle. Next day director, leading lady, and cashbox were missing. Consternation prevailed until the players persuaded Mrs. Meggs to return and direct Reed's play.

## PART FIVE

ANN drove into Locust Lane with a great fanfare of horn tooting. Celia's head appeared at an upper window, and Susan, Reed, Hank, and Bill came running from the barn.

"Roll out the carpet and strew rose petals in my path!" Ann called. "Meggsy will come back, if Mrs. Torresy agrees."

There was much clapping and whistling. Hank and Bill did a fancy buck and wing step as she told them about the way Mums had maneuvered things with her suggestion to Don. "I think Mums missed her calling when she failed to join the United Nations staff. She could settle anything. Now, Reed, all you have to do is convince Mrs. Torresy."

"I'll do my darndest. Who wants to ride to town?"

"I do." Susan spoke up quickly. "I'll ask Phyl to get their car and make the rounds of those posters, before someone changes his—or her—mind again."

"Poor Susie! Those posters will make you dizzy. Did you find the cashbox yet?" Bill teased her.

"No, but Celia found something." She pointed to a box which Celia, who

had joined the group, carried under her arm. It was a square pigskin case which fell open, as she displayed it, to form a tray with a mirror in the lid. It was Estelle's make-up kit, the initials E. E. stamped in gold on the lid.

"Don't tell me the glamorous Estelle forgot that," Bill exclaimed.

"She didn't forget it," Celia told them, pulling a note out of her pocket. "Read this."

They gathered around to read over her shoulder.

"Dear Celia,

"I know how you admired this case and I want you to have it, to make up a little for the terrible thing we are about to do to you and the rest of the Locust Lane bunch. Maybe sometime I can explain, but in the meantime don't feel too bad about V. V. and me. He's a great guy, but don't waste any tears or sleep over him. Just be nice to the rest of the boys. Forgive us, but don't forget us."

E. E."



Reed gave Celia an amused look. "I hope you're going to take her advice as well as her gift."

"E. E.," Ann repeated, as Celia dropped the lid of the box. "You'll have to change your name to fit the initials, Cele."

"She can take a stage name, like Elaine Eulenspiegel," Hank suggested.

"Or Eglantine Excalibur," Bill offered.

"Or Emmy Embers. I had a doll named that once." Susan was so matter-of-fact that they all burst out laughing.

But Celia was still serious. "When I change my name it won't be *that* way,"

Illustrated by  
MAL THOMPSON



Ann, watching Celia coquet with Reed as she tied an apron around him, could see that he thought her sister attractive

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she told them. "I'll never go on the stage. I don't want to get started like Meggsy and then give it up for the man I love."

"Maybe you wouldn't have to. You might find the right man in the theater," Reed teased her. "Had you thought of that?"

"No, I hadn't, but it's an idea. I was going to give the box to you, Ann, but now I think I'll keep it for a while. You can use it, though," she added generously.

"Thanks!" Ann laughed, and lifted the lid again to inspect herself in the mirror. "Oh, look!" she cried. "The mirror moves

around, so you can use it both ways."

As she moved the glass something fell out. It was a glossy print of V. V. without his mustache, looking much younger. On the photograph was scrawled, "To the loveliest actress on Broadway. With undying love, Vince."

Ann gasped. "I think," she said, handing the picture to Celia, "this may be part of the answer to the mystery of the Director and the Leading Lady."

"So they did elope—I knew it!" crowed Susan.

"No, they didn't elope," Reed corrected her, taking something from the

copy of "Night Must Fall" that he was holding. "Here's another clue for your mystery, Ann. It's the telegram you saw V. V. hand to Estelle. Apparently they forgot it."

"What does it say?" Bill spoke for them all.

Reed unfolded the telegram. "Finally tracked you down stop What happened stop Thought I told you two to stay put stop Signature making tests immediately stop Advise you rush back and urge absolute secrecy," he read. "It's signed 'Protector'."

(Continued on page 50)

# EASY EYE-CATCHERS



4556

4578

4756

**4556:** Here's a double-duty outfit, a style to make up in any fabric, with an elasticized midriff if you wish it. Teen-age sizes 10 to 16. Size 12 jumper requires  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards 54-inch fabric; blouse,  $1\frac{3}{8}$  yards 39". 25¢

**4558:** Make it in a plaid or check material for school; in a solid color for Sunday best. With flare skirt, puff sleeves, and fitted midriff, it's ideal for sizes 8 to 14. Size 10 calls for  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards 35-inch material. 25¢

**4578:** In wool, rayon, or cotton this is just what the schoolgirl needs! She'll make it in plain color with white trim, as shown, or in plaid with contrasting bib. Sizes 8 to 14. Size 10 takes  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards 39-inch fabric. 25¢

*These patterns, especially designed for readers of this magazine, may be purchased from The American Girl, Pattern Dept., 155 East 44th Street, New York City 17. When ordering, enclose 25¢ for each pattern (sorry, no C.O.D.'s) and state size. We pay postage. For handy, clip-out order blank, turn to page 57.*

**IMPORTANT NOTICE:** All patterns featured in The American Girl before March, 1947, are no longer available. Please do not order these numbers. Select similar styles from issues since March.



**4753:** A two-piece with the new silhouette—fitted jacket flaring into a smart peplum, and full, longer skirt. Pick sporty stripes or a dressy jewel tone. Sizes 11 to 17. For size 13, 3½ yards of 39-inch fabric. 25¢

**4541:** This dress—with sleeves and yoke cut in one piece—is a perfect dream for the young lady who's just beginning to sew. In sizes 11 to 17. For a size 13 dress, 2¾ yards of 54-inch material are needed. 25¢

**2905:** Both the pattern for this shirt blouse and for the simple, flared wool skirt are contained in one envelope. Teen sizes 10 to 16. A size 12 skirt requires 1⅓ yards 54-inch fabric; blouse, 1⅓ yards 35-inch. 25¢

**4900:** Round Peter Pan collar, lantern sleeves, give this dress a demure air, but the dropped shoulder seam and low skirt yoke add sophistication. Sizes 11 to 17. For size 13, 3½ yards 39-inch fabric are needed. 25¢



by **VAL McALLISTER**

**Right this minute—somewhere in the United States—a fire is breaking out. And there's plenty for you and your gang to do about it!**

**W**HAT'S the big idea of calling the gang together so mysteriously, Jane?" Jim demanded as he plunked down on the living-room sofa at Jane's house. "What's cooking?"

"When you all stop buzzing around like flies and settle down," Jane answered, "I'll let you in on my big idea."

"You mean you can't operate your own maneuvers without a helping hand from people wiser than you," teased Hank.

"Hold on, dull blade, till we see how much help you can give."

"Let us in on the secret, then," Alice urged. "Go on, give."

"Well," Jane began, "you know October fifth to eleventh is fire prevention week, and I've been reading the report of the conference President Truman called last May on fire prevention."

"What's that got to do with us?" Alice sounded disappointed.

"A lot. Right now, while I'm talking to you, a fire is breaking out somewhere in the United States. It happens every thirty-eight seconds."

"But what's even worse," Jim interrupted, suddenly serious, "somebody dies in a fire or from burns every two minutes."

"I read the papers, too, old man," jeered Hank. "Property damage amounted to over half a billion dollars last year."

"But I still don't see what all that has to do with us," Alice protested.

"Why not?" Jane asked. "The President asked everyone to pitch in, because—"

"Ninety per cent of all fires are preventable," Jim cut in, "and there's certainly no reason why we can't help to prevent them."

"Exactly," agreed Jane, pleased that her idea was beginning to strike the boys. "We'll be co-operating with the President and helping ourselves, too. Fire is no respecter of persons—it can happen to any of us."

"But what can we *do* about it?" Alice demanded. "Just talking won't help much."

"I suppose," Jim answered slowly, "we could sort of act as volunteer fire wardens. Try to make our own homes safe, and spread the gospel among the rest of the gang."

"I wouldn't know where to begin," Alice objected. "We don't know how to go about it."

"We can find out, can't we?" Jane suggested. "I thought we might make out a kind of questionnaire we could run off on the school mimeograph machine and pass out to the rest of the kids."

"Swell idea, Jane," Jim approved, and Hank nodded agreement.

Jane passed out pencils and paper, and soon the questions and answers were coming thick and fast.

(Continued on page 37)



## How about Dating?

by LORNA SLOCOMBE

Illustrated by HARRY RUNNETTE

**A** GOOD many other girls are going out with boys, and you're thirteen or fourteen or even sixteen, but still your parents won't let you have dates. It seems pretty grim—especially on a Saturday night when the crowd gathers at the drugstore, or when there's a dance and you have to sit at home. You feel foolish when some perfectly nice boy asks you for a date and you have to say your parents won't let you go out with him—as if he were an ogre or something. More likely you make up some silly excuse, and he decides you don't like him, or that you're a bit stuffy.

First of all, we want to say that we're among those who believe in boys and girls sharing fun together—"dating" to you. Provided you go to decent places with nice boys, and are reasonable about coming home at a sensible hour and living up to any other rules your family may set, we're right behind you. But it's really up to your parents, and we believe you can convince them, if you have the right approach.

To begin with, getting mad, complaining, or wailing "But *all* the other girls go out on dates," won't get you anywhere. Try to realize that your parents aren't being mean—they undoubtedly have carefully-thought-out reasons for not wanting you to go out with boys yet. To them it probably seems only yesterday you were toddling around in rompers. And when they see the foolish things some young people do—driving too



Bring the boys home and introduce them to Mother and Dad—they'll see your good taste in friends

fast, hanging around undesirable places, staying out too late—it makes them worry about their precious baby.

The first thing you have to do is convince them that while you may be precious, you're not a baby. You can't prove this by pouting and grumbling in infantile fashion whenever things don't go your way. Neither can you expect your parents to think of you as mature enough to go out on dates if you're irresponsible about other things—your allowance, for example, or doing your homework, or keeping your room picked up.

The first step should be to act as grown-up as possible around the house—no squabbling with the kid brother over the funnies; no babyish fits of temper. And though it may be a bit of a strain, go on from there to show how efficient and responsible you are. Offer to take over the marketing and meal-planning for a week. Get a job for an hour or two a day and earn some money.

Show an interest in something outside the home, too, besides movies and jive. How about doing some volunteer work for the Red Cross, taking a lifesaving or accident prevention course, getting active in Scout work, joining in church affairs? Incidentally, you're likely to meet some very nice young men doing these things, too. Collecting old clothes for Europe may not sound as glamorous as dancing at your

(Continued on page 56)



A girl who's old enough for dates avoids squabbling over the funnies with Junior!



Co-operation builds up your parents' confidence in you. If "home at ten" is the rule, keep it

## Girl Shout Week

(Continued from page 11)

Vera hurried after Bobo, hoping no one would notice that her own uniform was rather outgrown, and wishing that she'd pressed it more carefully.

"What in the world were you doing?" she demanded. "I could hear you yell from halfway down the aisle."

Oblivious of Vera's agitation, Bobo replied, "I was just Shouting," as if that explained everything.

Red Rose Troop had not been able to decide, after all, on anything startlingly new or original with which to celebrate Girl Scout Week. They had finally agreed on a Food Sale and, with the help of Miss Roberts, had established themselves in an empty store on Main Street. A few people came in and kindly purchased edibles which they could as easily and rather more cheaply have bought at a bakery, and Red Rose began to wonder whether this really was doing very much to spread the glad news of Girl Scouting.

"We could have a demonstration, the end of the week," Jane suggested. "Couldn't we use this same store, and have some of us in the window tying knots and bandaging and ironing and whatnot? We really do know how to do a lot of things, and this isn't the way to tell the public about it."

"A good idea," said Miss Roberts, who was waiting for ideas to come from the troop and not from her. "Where's Bobo, by the way? I thought she'd be here."

"Nobody's seen her round here," Betty complained. "She just likes to strut around in that new uniform, and not do a lick of work."

At that moment a very small Girl Scout was pushing open the heavy door of the Chamber of Commerce offices on Central Square. She adjusted her beret to a jaunty angle, gave her Tenderfoot pin a final rub with her cuff, and marched up to the private desk of the president.

"**GOOD MORNING!**" she shouted in ringing tones, before any one could stop her. "**I AM A GIRL SCOUT!**"

The president scowled, looked up, then took off his glasses and tilted back in his swivel chair.

Thus encouraged, Bobo—for it was indeed she—cleared her throat and cried with amazing loudness, "**PERHAPS YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT THE GIRL SCOUTS! PERHAPS YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY CAN DO! HAVE YOU GOT ANY BABIES TO TAKE CARE OF, FOR INSTANCE?**"

All the stenographers in the office sat transfixed at their typewriters, and the president coughed.

"Well—I can't say that I have. I wouldn't keep them here at the office, anyway. But, of course, a lot of people do have babies to take care of."

"**OF COURSE THEY DO,**" Bobo agreed resonantly. "**AND THE GIRL SCOUTS KNOW HOW TO HELP THEM. I'M ONLY JUST A TENDERFOOT,**" she added hastily, but no more quietly. "**BUT IN MY TROOP THERE ARE A LOT OF GIRLS WHO DO KNOW HOW! AND THEY CAN DO HOME NURSING—AND—AND—HOSTESS—AND HANDY WOMAN—AND—PUBLIC SAFETY—AND WORLD KNOWLEDGE.**"



### OUR OCTOBER FASHIONS

Rah for Technology—and for Grace McCanna, our October Cover Girl! Grace, who appeared on our September, 1946 cover, is a senior this year at Pelham Memorial High. She rates her Cover Girl coat of Continental "Ancona" fleece a leader. The matching hood and real mouton-lamb button closing are especially appealing. It's from Vogue Girl Coat, comes in sizes 10-14, and is about \$30—with hood about \$35. With it Grace wears pigskin gloves by Wear-Right.

You'll find our Cover Girl coat at:

Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
Wm. H. Block, Indianapolis, Ind.  
John A. Brown, Oklahoma City, Okla.  
Elder & Johnston, Dayton, Ohio  
Filene's, Boston, Mass.  
Mandel Bros., Chicago, Ill.  
B. Peck, Lewiston, Maine

You'll find our football coats at:

Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
Frederick & Nelson, Seattle, Wash.  
H. Leh, Allentown, Pa.  
Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia, Pa.

You'll find our football dresses at:

Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
J. N. Adam & Co., Buffalo-Niagara Falls, N. Y.  
Filene's, Boston, Mass.  
Frederick & Nelson, Seattle, Wash.  
Hecht Co., Washington, D. C.  
Hudson's, Detroit, Mich.  
H. Leh, Allentown, Pa.  
John C. MacInnes, Worcester, Mass.  
Sibley, Lindsay & Curr, Rochester, N. Y.  
Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia, Pa.

And you'll have the fun of watching an American Girl Magazine Fashion Show, starring your friends and featuring your October American Girl fashions, at:

Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
Carson, Pirie Scott, Chicago, Ill.  
Frederick & Nelson, Seattle, Wash.  
H. Leh, Allentown, Pa.  
Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia, Pa.

The American Girl Magazine cannot guarantee that any given store will have unlimited stock of merchandise pictured in our October fashion pages. But if they're out of the item for which you call or write, they'll surely have one that is very similar.

"Well, well!" murmured the president inadequately.

Bobo, who was running down a little, took a new breath and asked in a clarion voice, "**IS THIS WHERE YOU KEEP THE COMMUNITY CHEST?**" She peered rather accusingly under the president's desk, as if expecting to see a large treasure box studded with brass nails.

"Not exactly," the president told her apologetically. "Mr. Burrows can tell you

more about that." He touched a button. "Ask Mr. Burrows to come in here for a moment, please."

"Why, I know Mr. Burrows," Bobo cried with pleasure. "**HULLO, MR. BURROWS!**" she shouted to the tall man who came from an inner office. "**I DIDN'T KNOW YOU LIVED HERE. I'M A GIRL SCOUT NOW, MR. BURROWS, AND I WANT TO KNOW WHY YOU DON'T GET SOME MONEY OUT OF THE COMMUNITY CHEST AND GIVE IT TO THE GIRL SCOUTS?**"

Mr. Burrows rubbed his chin. "My gracious, Bobo!" he said. "Is this a holdup? And we're not deaf, you know. You don't need to shout."

"**HAVE TO,**" Bobo stated flatly. "**IT'S PART OF IT. DON'T YOU KNOW WHAT A GOOD THING THE GIRL SCOUTS ARE FOR THIS TOWN? THEY WORK AT THE LIBRARY AND THE DAY NURSERY, AND THEY 'MUSE AT THE HOSPITAL, AND THEY FEED BIRDS IN WINTER, AND PLANT THINGS AT THE PARK. AND THEY KNOW HOW TO DO A WHOLE BOOKFUL OF USEFUL THINGS—**" With the air of a magician, she suddenly extracted the green Handbook from some part of her anatomy. "**AND THEY ARE OF VALUE TO THE COMMUNITY. AND THEY NEED A DAY CAMP AND SCHOLARSHIPS AND—**" she hastily consulted a scrap of paper, "**AND FUNDS TO ADVANCE THE EDUCATION'L ASPECKS OF THE MOVEMENT. OTHER PLACES GIVE 'EM MONEY OUT OF THE COMMUNITY CHEST—LOTS OF OTHER PLACES. SO WHY SHOULDN'T YOU?**"

"Why indeed?" muttered the president, pulling his mustache and looking at Mr. Burrows.

"Tell me, Bobo," said Mr. Burrows, "are all the other Girl Scouts going about with the same—er—persuasive line you're handing out? Did your Leader send you here?"

"**MERCY, NO!**" Bobo exploded. "**THEY'RE HAVING A FOOD SALE. THIS WAS ENTIRELY MY OWN IDEA. ON ACCOUNT OF IT'S BEING GIRL SHOUT WEEK.**"

"Girl what?" repeated the Chamber of Commerce with one voice.

**"SHOUT WEEK—WHEN WE MAKE A LOT OF NOISE AND TELL EVERYBODY ABOUT SCOUTING."**

The president suddenly got a fit of coughing and chewed his lip, then nodded.

"I see," he said soberly. "I see. Well, I must say—I can honestly say—that we have never before had the aims and needs of the local Girl Scouts so clearly and, er, *forcibly* presented. Thank you, Bobo! Thank you very much—and good-by."

He bowed her out gravely. It was fortunate that she did not see the state of disorganization to which the office was reduced after her departure.

Old Mr. Bristle was notably a curmudgeon. He was very rich and very irascible. And he was not at all pleased to be disturbed in his afternoon stroll around his garden by a small girl in a gray-green dress who popped up apparently from his chrysanthemum bed.

"**HOW DO YOU DO!**" the intruder bellowed. "**I AM BOBO WITHERSPOON. DO YOU REMEMBER MY FATHER? YOU USED TO PLAY GOLF WITH HIM. I AM A GIRL SCOUT.**"

(Continued on page 32)

Kodak

# Party Time = Snapshot Time

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# from the top of your HAT..



You'll want that well-dressed look! Shown here, hats and shoes slated for fall wardrobe success. Hats, left to right: Classic, head-hugging cloche of Tish-U-Tex by Leighton with ribbon trim, about \$4. Rippled brim and jaunty quill are featured on this black rayon velvet by Betmar, about \$5. For the tailored girl, a patty-cake beret of Tish-U-Tex by Leighton, with ribbon headband and nubbin, about \$5. For a bonnie lassie, Betmar's authentic Scotch tam of wool felt topped with a saucy pompon and follow-me-lad streamers, about \$5. Off the face and flattering, Portny's roller of wool felt with perky bow, about \$5.

by MARGERY RUSSELL

*Photographs by William Benedict*



.....to the

• • • •



Shoes, left to right: "The Cosmo," spectator shoe which doubles for sport and dress wear. Comes in calf and suède, by Joy Shoemakers, about \$8. "Cavalier" is a dashing wedged casual of elk or elk and suède, from Cobblers of California, about \$7.

You'll love the classic look of "Mademoiselle's" perforated spectator of calf, about \$11. "The Doggie" pump with semi-baby-doll toe, comes in suède or calf, by Joy Shoemakers, about \$9. For walking and sport, your favorite ghillie with ankle-length lacing and one-inch heel, by Buster Brown, about \$8.



# tip of your SHOES

## Girl Scout Week

(Continued from page 28)



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"Humph!" snorted Mr. Bristle, while Bobo paused for breath. "That why you're rigged up like that? What's the sense in that, hey?"

"THE GIRL SCOUT UNIFORM IS THE SYMBOL OF SERVICE!" shouted Bobo. "IF YOU SEE A GIRL IN THIS UNIFORM, YOU CAN TRUST HER, AND YOU CAN DEPEND ON HER TO BE HELPFUL AND USEFUL IN MANY WAYS."

"You can depend on her to be a plaguey nuisance," growled Mr. Bristle. "Who sent you in here, hey?"

"I just came," Bobo confided, momentarily dropping her voice. "By myself, because I did so much want to talk to you about your dear little piece of woods out beyond the Park."

"Hey?" demanded Mr. Bristle. "What little piece o' woods?"

"See?" cried Bobo. "You've even forgotten you own it. Out beyond the Park, on Two-Mile Road. The Girl Scouts need it so dreadfully for a day camp."

"They do, hey?" grumbled Mr. Bristle. "Do they, indeed?"

"YES!" yelled Bobo, suddenly recollecting herself. "YES, AND IF THEY GET SOME MONEY FROM THE COMMUNITY CHEST, MAYBE THEY CAN BUY IT. AND IF NOT, I'M SURE YOU'D LET THEM JUST USE IT. NOT GIVE IT TO THEM—JUST LET THEM USE IT."

"Use it for what?" Mr. Bristle roared. "For cutting down all the fine young hickories, and burning up what they don't cut, and littering around with orange peels and paper bags? No, sir—no sirree!"

Bobo looked genuinely horrified.

"MR. BRISTLE!" she shouted solemnly. "YOU DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT GIRL SCOUTS, DO YOU? OF COURSE, I'M ONLY A NEW TENDERFOOT—BUT LOOK—" She again produced the Handbook—"LOOK WHAT THEY HAVE TO KNOW ABOUT FIRE PREVENTION, AND CAMPING, AND WATERFRONT SAFETY, AND PRESERVATION OF WILD AND NATCHEL LIFE, AND—"

Mr. Bristle had snatched the Handbook and clamped on his glasses.

"Humph!" he said presently. "Lot o' good stuff in here. Mean to say these girls are up in all this stuff?"

"OF COURSE!" Bobo bawled with pride.

"Well, haven't they got the Park to play camping in?" Mr. Bristle demanded suddenly.

"OH, NO!" Bobo loudly assured him. "EVERYBODY USES THE PARK. IT'S TOO PUBLIC. BESIDES, THEY DON'T PLAY AT CAMPING. OH, MR. BRISTLE, JUST THINK HOW MUCH YOU LIKE YOUR GARDEN, AND JUST THINK OF SOME GIRLS WHO LIVE IN LITTLE BITS OF SHUT-UP PLACES AND NEVER GET OUT WITH FLOWERS AND THINGS. YOU SEE THE GIRL SCOUTS MUST HAVE A DAY CAMP, OR THOSE POOR GIRLS WILL PROBABLY DIE."

"You'll probaby die if you keep on yelling like that," Mr. Bristle remonstrated. "Or else I shall. What's the matter with you? Just 'cause I'm old, I'm not deaf."

Bobo explained about Girl Scout Week, and Mr. Bristle sat down suddenly on a garden seat and got red in the face. Then he yelled louder than Bobo and told a servant to bring out some lemonade. Bobo cooled her rather raw throat, and chatted about the beautiful possibilities of a day camp. She opened large, round, appealing brown eyes widely at Mr. Bristle over the rim of her lemonade glass. He gulped his own drink rather chokingly and kept slapping his stout knee. Bobo looked worried.

"You're not going to have an apoplectic fit, are you, Mr. Bristle?" she asked anxiously. "I haven't learned yet how to handle such a emergency, but I could run and get a girl who does know. **THE GIRL SCOUTS ARE VERY USEFUL,**" she added in an afterthought crescendo.

Mr. Bristle only gasped and slapped the harder, but presently he recovered himself sufficiently to bow Bobo out at his gate, with a chrysanthemum for her buttonhole.

The Food Sale had come to a rather dismal end. Red Rose Troop, forced to take home and consume several of the less attractive cakes and the cold baked beans, gathered up the remnants of its wares and prepared to vacate the store.

"That demonstration idea is certainly a lot better," Jane said, sweeping up crumbs. "Miss Roberts is going to find out if we can have the store again. We'll practice up some stunts tomorrow and make some signs and posters, and we'll put on a really instructive show here before the end of the week."

"We're none of us very bright, not to think of it before," commented Lillian, untying her apron and shaking her uniform.

At that moment, Augusta Wilkins of Bluebell Troop sauntered in.

"Hello, Rosies," she said. "Any business? We're putting on a pageant day after tomorrow—*The Spirit of Girl Scout Week*. Hope you'll come. By the way, your youngest seems to have been kicking up quite a commotion around town."

"What do you mean?" Jane demanded. "What sort of commotion?"

"Haven't you heard?" Augusta cried. "Bobo Witherspoon! She's been running in and out everywhere, yelling at the top of her lungs about Girl Scouting. In at the Chamber of Commerce and the Red Cross rooms, I heard she even went and screamed at Mr. Bristle, and—"

Miss Roberts had hurried forward among the stricken members of Red Rose Troop. "Good gracious!" she cried. "How awful! What will the commissioner think—what will every one think? Absolutely against all our principles . . . oh, oh, how terribly unfortunate."

"That little dumb bunny," said Jane between her teeth. "What in the world did she think she was doing anyway? Who could imagine—"

"Mr. Bristle!" moaned Vera. "There goes our last chance of getting that land for the day camp!"

"The Chamber of Commerce!" gasped Betty. "Making all of us utterly ridiculous! Oh!"

Bobo, sucking a lollipop to ease her decidedly overtaxed throat, strolled homeward a little late for supper. But telephones had been busy; a distracted captain and an agitated commissioner had reduced Mrs. Witherspoon to a state of hysteria akin to their own. Bobo's mother met her at the gate.

"I'm surprised!" she cried. "I'm shocked. (Continued on page 36)

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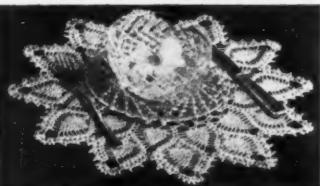
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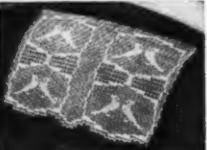
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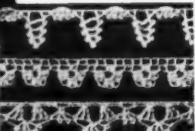
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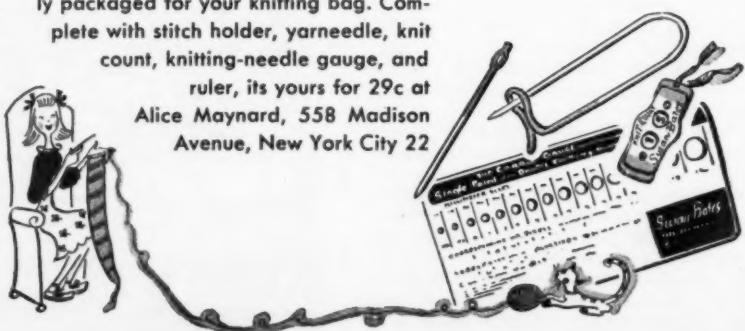


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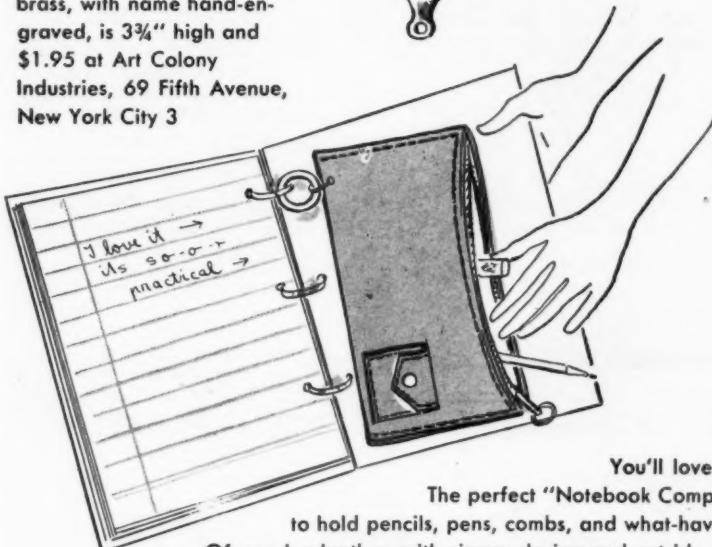


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## Girl Shout Week

(Continued from page 33)

I'm disappointed, Bobo. We thought you understood the ideals of Scouting better than this. To make a spectacle of yourself all over town—to disgrace your troop—to spoil any chance of the commissioner seriously getting help for the things the Girl Scouts need. You're not old enough to be a Scout! You ought to have stayed with the Brownies, playing their games. No, not a word," she added, as Bobo opened her mouth. "Off to bed you go, and in the morning you'll have to go and apologize to Miss Roberts and to the commissioner, and we'll have to try and explain to all these people you've been shrieking at."

Bobo watered her pillow with hot tears. "I was only trying to be a good Scout," she whispered, clinging to the Tenderfoot pin which she always carefully transferred to her pajamas. "I was only trying to do what they said we had to do."

Bobo's family received her coldly in the morning. They hinted that she was unworthy of the uniform she had again donned—that no doubt Miss Roberts would think it better for her to surrender her Tenderfoot pin for a while.

"But I only—" began Bobo.

"You only made yourself and your family and Girl Scouting ridiculous," said her father severely. "I don't know what you said, but we heard that you went yelling all over town, shouting at people at the top of your voice, and—"

At that moment the telephone rang and

Mrs. Witherspoon rose to answer it. The voice of the commissioner reached her rather gaspingly.

"If—if you're still punishing Bobo, Mrs. Witherspoon, perhaps you'd better not go any further. It—it seems incredible, but the morning mail has just brought me word that the Community Chest has decided to extend an appropriation to the Girl Scouts. Mr. Burrows writes that they had never before been quite fully aroused to the real needs and the real value of Girl Scouting in the community. He says our—our little representative convinced him."

Paying no attention to a weak gurgling sound from Mrs. Witherspoon at the other end of the line, the commissioner hurried on. "The Red Cross has also written to say that we are quite welcome to use their rooms for First Aid training, if we really need them as much as the earnest little Tenderfoot said. And here's the most extraordinary thing—Mr. Bristle called me up and said that he'll be very glad to have us use his lot for the day camp. He said it must be a good movement, if it produces such enthusiasm and zeal as he saw displayed yesterday. And he said he was deeply impressed by the Handbook which the young lady showed him."

JANE BURKE stood above Bobo Witherspoon at the next meeting of the troop. "I don't know whether you ought to be spanked," she said, "or given a Thanks Badge. You certainly turned the trick, polliwog, but your methods were hair-raising."

"What did possess you to go yelling at every one so?" Miss Roberts asked gently. "It—it seemed so undignified. So un-Scoutly, Bobo."

"Well, but," Bobo answered reproachfully, "you said it was to be Girl Shout Week—that is, Jane did—when we all were to make a lot of noise and tell people about Scouting. So I did. And I went to the ones you said ought to do things for us and wouldn't. And they all asked me why I talked so loud, and I told them on account of its being Girl Shout Week, and then they got much nicer and we parted friends."

Red Rose troop with one accord lay flat on the gym floor, and for a time nothing was heard but their painful squeaks and gasps. Miss Roberts stood weakly in their midst, shaking silently and looking at Bobo, whose puppy eyes were growing bigger and darker every moment.

"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread!" murmured Betty.

"You just hush up," commanded Jane Burke, as she struggled upright. "It's still Shout Week!" she panted. "Let's all shout Hallelujah!"

"Let's give three cheers!" Lillian cried.

"WE WANT BOBO!  
"WE WANT BOBO!  
"WE WANT BOBO!"

The outcry shook the rafters.

"RAY! RAY! RAY!"

Bobo looked doubtfully at Miss Roberts. "Then I'm n-not unworthy to wear the uniform?" she asked uncertainly.

"We're proud to have you wearing it," said Miss Roberts. "And now come over here with me, Bobo, and I'll explain the mixed-up parts you don't quite understand."

Bobo followed her adoringly.

THE END

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## Your Enemy No. 1

(Continued from page 26)

"What would you do, lame brain," Jim asked Alice, "if a fire broke out?"

Alice thought a moment. "I'd call the operator and say I want to report a fire—and I'd be sure to give the address," she answered triumphantly.

"If you didn't have a telephone you'd run to the nearest alarm box, read the directions, turn in the alarm, and stay there to direct the firemen," Hank added.

"Do you know the alarm box nearest your house?" Jim demanded, and they made a note of that for their questionnaire.

"I boned up a bit on this," Jane laughed. "Do you know what causes thirty per cent of the fires?"

"I say carelessness with matches," Jim guessed.

"Right. That's number one. Faulty electric wiring and equipment is next, then heating and cooking stoves, and carelessness with flammable liquids."

"All right," Alice was really interested now. "What'll we put down about matches?"

"Do you keep matches out of the reach of children and in noncombustible containers?" Jane offered.

"Swallow the dictionary, Jane?" Hank jibed. "Okay—here's another. Do you have plenty of clean ash trays handy?"

"Are you always sure that matches and cigarettes are completely out before you leave them?" Jim contributed.

"Does anyone in your family ever smoke in bed?" Jane added, and they all made horrified signs of denial.

"So much for matches. Let's get on to electrical stuff," Jane suggested. "What about this: Do you employ skilled labor for all wiring extensions and repairs—not amateur monkeying with the wiring? Do you buy only appliances and cords with the Underwriters' label? Do you ever string wires under rugs, over hooks, or in any exposed place, so that they can easily wear through and become dangerous?"

"Fine," approved Jim. "Now for stoves and flammable liquids. Do you wear fuzzy, flammable gewgaws around a stove? Do you keep your pot handles turned so they won't catch and spill their scalding contents?"

"Not bad," Hank interrupted. "And how about: Do you use gasoline and other stuff like that in the house? Do you fill lamps or stoves when lighted, or use kerosene to start a fire?"

Jane had been quiet for some time. Now she burst out with a new idea. "Why couldn't we each organize a sort of fire drill and inspection in our own homes? Schools are pretty safe, because they are well inspected and the pupils know exactly what to do in case of fire. But at home we're likely to lose our heads, and panic is what causes the most trouble."

"You've got something there," Jim applauded. "I suppose we should check on the quickest—not necessarily the usual—way to get out of our bedrooms. Stairs are so often fire wells."

"There's only one staircase in my house," Alice worried, "and I sleep on the top floor!" She laughed ruefully. "Maybe I should invest in a ship's ladder or something like that."

(Continued on page 39)

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## Your Enemy No. 1

(Continued from page 37)

"We have a fire extinguisher in the hall," Jane broke in. "I'm going to check to make sure it's in working order. There's one in the kitchen, too. I'll remind the family to use it in case of a small fire from spilled fat or anything like that."

"That's all right," Hank agreed, "but the first thing to do is to notify the fire department. I read somewhere that the first five minutes are worth five hours in fighting a fire. No sense fooling around before you let the fire fighters know what's going on. Call them first, then go ahead with your extinguisher while you wait."

"While you're checking on your extinguisher, Jane, you ought to make sure that all your halls, stairways, and doors allow free passage. It wouldn't be funny to come up against a blocked door when you're having a race with a fire."

"What would you do, chick, if you woke up in your upstairs room and smelled smoke?" Hank asked Alice, as he remembered her worry over the single staircase in her home. "Would you jump out the window or rush out the door?"

"I'll tell you what I'd do, smart aleck," Alice countered. "I read it in the same paper you did. I'd put my hand on the door before I opened it. If it was hot, I'd try another way out. If it was cool, I'd open it carefully, keeping my foot behind it so a rush of smoke or flames wouldn't force it out of my hand and I could slam it shut if necessary."

"Yea, but what about superheated, toxic gases that rush up to asphyxiate you?" Jim wanted to know. "A good many people in those awful hotel fires died from asphyxiation floors above the fire and smoke."

"The best thing to do," Jane advised, "is to close the door immediately and stuff the cracks with wet towels to shut out the gases Jim was worrying about, open the window slightly, and wait to be rescued."

"Boy!" Alice exclaimed in awe, "that would sure take a lot of calm, cool courage and nerve!"

"Wouldn't it just!" Jim agreed. "But it saved a number of sensible people in the hotel fires."

Hank patted Alice on the head. "I knew a bright child like you would only use the window as a last resort, and you'd toss your mattress out first for a landing spot, tie strips of sheets to make a rope, fasten them securely, and slide to the ground."

"We haven't said anything about inspection to prevent the fire in the first place," Jane objected. "How about giving the attic, cellar, and garage the once-over to make sure they are free from litter?"

"Yes," agreed Alice. "And we ought to make sure that no oily rags or cloths filled with wax, paint, or furniture polish are lurking around anywhere, waiting to start a fire."

"And see that towels, curtains, and drapes can't blow over open flames, ash trays, or electric bulbs."

"What about a fire screen to check sparks from the fireplace?"

Jane was having difficulty jotting down their rapid suggestions. She rubbed her hand and said ruefully, "I wish I'd taken shorthand. But honestly, kids, this is a grand

(Continued on page 41)

# It's New!

by Lawrence N. Galton



**Dry Cleaner for Drawings:** Smudges, fingerprints, and dust on your drawings, maps, charts, papers, and letters need no longer bother you, for the problem of cleaning soiled drawings has been licked at last. Just sprinkle on this unique preparation. It's not a powder—not dusty or gritty—but has the appearance of fine, soft crumbs which readily absorb the dirt and don't stick to the paper.

**Grass Whip:** Here's really practical fun for Dad, and for that matter, for you. It will take all drudgery out of caring for your lawn and make it fun. The tool looks like a golf club, and you swing it like one. Each stroke, forward and backward, is perfect for cutting high grass and weeds. And you keep your golfing muscles in good trim, too.



**Ez Ride:** If you had to name a fundamental trouble with bicycling, likely it would be the bumps and jolts you get on poor roads. But they're not necessary any more. This new, easily installed, inexpensive, front-wheel shock absorber not only cushions road shocks and makes your ride safe and smooth, but in addition, prevents broken wheel spokes and forks.



**Shear Sharp:** Ever have trouble with dull-bladed scissors that don't cut, waiting for some itinerant scissor-sharpener to wander by? Now you can sharpen your own quickly, easily, with a sharpener designed for home use. Put the flat guide of the little gadget against the inside of the scissors blades and the cutting stone automatically is on top of the blade at the correct angle. A few strokes and scissors are as sharp as new.



**On The Spit:** There's a new method to increase your prowess as a cook, and for that matter, Mother's, too. You can roast meats and fowl on the spit right in the oven. This inexpensive device fits into any oven, permits free circulation of air and even heat distribution, to roast meat evenly, retain the juices, improve the flavor. Basting is easy; and since the meat is on a little spit, you can turn your roast with just a flick of the wrist.



**Fabric-of-the-Month Club:** With the success of the book-of-the-month clubs, this idea was bound to come. So now, if you like to sew, you can join up. All you have to do is guarantee that you'll buy \$2.50 worth of material in a six months' period. Then, every month, you get a sample swatch which has been chosen as the outstanding fabric by the fashion board of the club. If you like it, you order the current month's selection and the savings range from 15% to 25% below the retail cost around the country.



**Wonder Whisk:** You're in for a delightful surprise with this amazing little plastic whisk broom. It's actually all plastic, molded in one piece, whiskers and all. It's washable, colorful, stiff, and durable, better looking and longer lasting than the usual straw. But best of all is a unique feature: brush the broom over dark clothes and it creates a friction. Lift it a little from the fabric and it acts almost like a magnet, drawing lint and dust particles from the cloth.



**Tongs for Tossing:** Here's the newest thing in salad service—a salad fork and a salad spoon that you use separately for tossing your salad. Then, in an instant, you join them together and they become tongs for serving the salad with a sure grip.



If you are interested in any of the products described in this column—send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to "It's New" Editor, The American Girl, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, N. Y., for where-to-buy or price information. No inquiries can be answered unless you enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



### **From A Boy**

**CHICAGO, ILLINOIS:** I am a boy, and I read **THE AMERICAN GIRL** monthly. My sister gets it, and I go for all the stories, especially those about sports. I play tennis, baseball, football, etc. I really like your fashions for girls, and I even gave my sister half of my allowance to buy a dress you had pictured in your magazine.

Keep up the splendid work.

JERRY PETROWSKI

### **August Highlights**

**PONTIAC, MICHIGAN:** I have just finished my August copy of **THE AMERICAN GIRL**. I wish to extend my thanks for the story *Fool Dog*. My whole family enjoyed this story, as we have Pekingese in our home. His name is Chinky, and he belongs to my grandmother, whom we are living with at the present. My dad is always making fun of the dog because we have a "he-man" dog ourselves. After reading this story, my dad has more respect for Chinky, and thinking it over proved that Chinky has been a little hero, like Ah Ting.

Not only do I enjoy stories like *Fool Dog*, but all the other stories also. I can truly say that your magazine is perfect as it is.

BETTY WORTMAN

**EAST ST. LOUIS, ILLINOIS:** I have taken **THE AMERICAN GIRL** exactly nine months and enjoy it very much. It's a grand magazine for teen-age girls.

I'm nearly fifteen, and a sophomore in high school. I got acquainted with the magazine through a girl friend in my Girl Scout troop. In the August issue I liked especially well the article, *It's Good Scents*, and *Shoestring Theater*. Please have more serials like this one. I simply adore your fashions and find them so inexpensive.

I am going to send some of my back issues of **THE AMERICAN GIRL** to my pen friend in England, and I'm sure she will enjoy them.

MARILYN MUSKOPF

**LAKEVIEW, OREGON:** I have just received my August issue of **THE AMERICAN GIRL**. I think *Fool Dog* and *New Girl in Town* are very good, and *Shoestring Theater* is tops. I agree with Marilyn Neill that the magazine has good variety and is printed to suit everyone's taste. Three cheers for **THE AMERICAN GIRL**!

I am twelve years old and will be thirteen in September. When school starts I will be in the eighth grade.

MARY ALICE HARBISON

### **Wants Bobo Story**

**LIBERAL, KANSAS:** I am twelve years old, in the ninth grade, and a Girl Scout. I have been a Scout for two years and I have four badges and am expecting two more.

I completely disagree with Harriet C. Albright about having no jokes or *Teen Shop Talk*. I enjoyed *Indian Girl* in the August issue. Let's have more on the same order. And let's have another story about Bobo Witherspoon. I also enjoyed *Fool Dog* and *Shoestring Theater* very much.

I think **THE AMERICAN GIRL** is tops with my girl friends, I know it is tops with me.

BETTY JO LEMERT

*Because we wanted to reprint one of the popular features from our past in our Anniversary Issue, and because so many of you who do not know that engaging young lady have asked to meet Bobo, we are reprinting the first and funniest Bobo story on pages 10 and 11 in this issue.—THE EDITORS.*

### **Teen Shop Talk and Jokes**

**GOLDSBORO, PENNSYLVANIA:** Today I received the August issue of **THE AMERICAN GIRL**, the best issue I have read. I have been taking the magazine a little over a year.

As I live on a farm, and we have five dogs, I especially liked your article on dogs. *Fool Dog* was wonderful, too. I know just how Kit felt. I like large dogs best, but little ones capture my heart, too.

I disagree with Harriet Albright about the jokes and *Teen Shop Talk*. Please, for my sake and some of the other girls, don't omit them. *Hidden Treasure* was wonderful, and also *Indian Girl*. Please have more about girls of different places and countries.

I am fourteen and will be a freshman in high school this fall.

LYNETTA ZEIGLER

**SKOWHEGAN, MAINE:** I disagree very much with Harriet C. Albright, whose letter appears in the August issue. She says the jokes should be omitted because they are too silly. Well, gee whiz, it wouldn't be a really smart teen-agers' magazine without some jokes. Every girl likes a few cute and sharp jokes, like those in **THE AMERICAN GIRL**. I wouldn't like it half as much if there were no jokes.

Also, *Teen Shop Talk* is most interesting, and the fiction is swell. I liked *New Girl in Town*. Please have more illustrations by Richard Bauer. They are wonderful.

An all-time reader,

JANE FRANKLIN

**ROSS, CALIFORNIA:** I am thirteen years old and have taken **THE AMERICAN GIRL** for six months, and I've never regretted it. I disagree about not having jokes in the magazine. I think some of the jokes are very cute. And as for *Teen Shop Talk*—I enjoy reading it for all the interesting tips it gives me.

I enjoy the short stories, and I liked *Shoestring Theater* and *Fool Dog* in the August issue very much. I intend to write stories and books when I'm grown. I'm writing plays for the radio now, and my next one will be on in August.

CAROL HOSMER

### **Family Approval**

**DAVID CITY, NEBRASKA:** I'm fifteen, and a sophomore in high school. I've several hobbies: one is flying, two is horseback riding, three is helping Daddy care for our farm.

One thing is wrong with the magazine. You should have articles on flying. How many other girls agree with me? I'm taking lessons and will solo in about three hours. Please have more articles on flying, since several of the kids here take flying lessons, too. I'm working my way for Wing Scout, and have eleven badges so far.

I like mystery stories and stories with a little romance. Your magazine is really tops with me and with Mother and Daddy. They read it, too. I have saved three years' issues of **THE AMERICAN GIRL** and often re-read them. The magazine is really a magazine for all ages—even my grandmother reads it.

LINDA VANDERHOLK

*Do you remember "Wings for the Wing Scouts," by Harriett Philmus, February, 1946; "Ground Work for Flying," by Edna H. Evans, March, 1946; "Sky High With A Flying Editor," by Sally Knapp, May, 1946; and "I, Too, Have Wings," by Margie McNeel, December, 1946? We hope from time to time to have more articles and fiction about flying. Watch for a flying story (fiction) by Sally Knapp.—THE EDITORS.*

### **For Animal Stories**

**MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA:** I have been reading **THE AMERICAN GIRL** for nearly three years. I would like to say thanks for the horse and dog stories, which I enjoy lots more than "hot" beauty tips.

When I saw the article on dog training in the August issue I went right to work on my own dog. He will come, sit down, and heel without a leash. He can tell by the tone

of my voice and my hands what I want him to do. I have found that a reward for each command done promptly and correctly will help the dog to do it again.

When we come back from a lesson in heeling I take off the leash and leave on the training collar. My dog knows that when the collar is on he must do the rest of his lesson. When it is taken off he knows that lessons are over.

GERTRUDE BEALL

#### Against Animal Stories

MACON, GEORGIA: We would like to say something nice about your magazine, but our main comment is that THE AMERICAN GIRL is going to the dogs, horses, etc. We used to like to read the interesting stories and handy tips on hair styles, make-up, clothes, etc. Now all we read is handy-tips to animal lovers. Every story is crammed full of the daring feats of dogs, thrilling horse races, and the cuddly cat. Please—please let us have more stories on teen-age life, not dog life.

BETTE JO MINOR  
BARBARA HOLT

#### Badminton Enthusiast

DUNEDIN, FLORIDA: I am eleven years old and in the eighth grade. I love your magazine. I subscribed to another for a while, but it certainly didn't give me the fun and satisfaction yours does.

*But That Bird*, in the August issue, was wonderful. We are having a badminton tournament. Please have more pictures of horses on the cover and more good-grooming articles.

NANCY SHREWSBURY  
THE END

#### Your Enemy No. 1

(Continued from page 39)

beginning. Let's each enlist as many of the high-school crowd as we can. Suppose we have a box supper in my rumpus room a week from Tuesday, give out the mimeographed questionnaires, and inaugurate the Junior Fire Wardens of Valley Springs? I'll bet we teen-agers can make this old town fire conscious in a big way. Who said we can't do anything to make and keep our town safe from fire? Maybe when we get going we can take turns as delegates for monthly house inspection or something like that. Come on now, let's eat."

What these young people in Valley Springs did, you can do for your home and your community. You'll probably have some good ideas of your own with which to top those of Jane and Alice, Hank and Jim.

#### Fire Prevention Material

The following may be obtained in single copies, free of charge, from the National Board of Fire Underwriters, 85 John Street, New York 7, New York.

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THE END

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## Saturday Afternoon

(Continued from page 9)

color of the coat that you are wearing."

There he goes, talking like a book again, Barby thought. But she thanked him and pinned the flower on her lapel. "Where do you go to school?" she asked conversationally.

"I'm at the University."

Barby looked at him skeptically. "Genius?" He laughed. "No, indeed. I just got started early."

"I see. What are you studying?" she inquired politely.

"To be a research man. It is my ambition to conduct experiments which will aid doctors to make people healthier and increase their life expectancy."

He certainly isn't going to be much fun, Barby reflected mournfully, and let her thoughts wander. Last night she'd missed her chance to meet Richard; this morning she'd met him—and what had she done? Spilled oil of wintergreen all over the place. Oh, dear, what was the matter with her? Was she a moron?

"Do you know anything about football?" she asked Hadley, not very hopefully, when they had taken their places on the fifty-yard line in the reserved section.

"Yes. I should play if I didn't have to wear lenses to correct a myopic vision."

Barby gave up.

At the kickoff the stadium rose to a man, the confetti fell in a paper blizzard, and the game began with East Brookville receiving. The fullback ran the ball thirty yards down the field before he was tackled by a Colton end. Then Richard Bellew pulled a quarterback sneak and East Brookville made a first down.

"Isn't he super?" Barby exclaimed excitedly.

"Remarkably well co-ordinated," Hadley answered and added, "At this point a short forward pass is indicated."

A short forward pass was thrown, completed, and gave East Brookville a touchdown.

Barby looked at Hadley with dawning respect and asked, "How did you know?"

"In the operation of that T formation," he replied modestly, "there are about four hundred plays and variations. It requires a little study to master them all, but it can be done."

Before he'd finished speaking, East Brookville made the point after touchdown, the stadium swelled with a roar, and the scorekeeper changed his numerals to: East Brookville 7—Visitors 0.

During the second quarter Richard was knocked out by a Colton tackle and was taken out of the game, while the cheering section gave everything they had to three long "locomotives" for him.

Soon after this Colton scored, and the board read 7-7 when the half ended.

Between the halves Suzy slipped in beside Barby. "Where'd you get the character?" she whispered.

Barby introduced Hadley, but Suzy promptly forgot him. "Isn't it gruesome about Richard?" she cried shrilly.

"Grisly," moaned Barby.

"What if he's really hurt and it cramps the party?" Suzy asked. She looked significantly at Hadley and said, "But I don't suppose you'll be going."

"We'll be there," Barby snapped.

"Be seeing you, then." And Suzy was gone.

"Where are we going?" Hadley wanted to know.

"After every game the high-school crowd goes over to Rod's Cabin. But you needn't go if you don't want to."

"What do you do there?"

"Oh, we eat hamburgers and dance and just have fun together."

"I should like to go," Hadley said, and peered nearsightedly at Barby.

She sighed. What had got into her? Half an hour ago she wouldn't have been found unconscious in Rod's Cabin with a boy like Hadley Morrison, Jr. But Suzy had irritated her. Hadley was nice, in spite of his odd speech and appearance. Hadn't he driven her here in a style to which she certainly wasn't accustomed? Hadn't he given her a corsage? And hadn't he bought the best seats in the stadium? The very least she could do was invite him to join the gang.

When the whistle blew for the second half, she was relieved to see Richard back in the game. The third quarter proved unspectacular, with each team holding, until Richard sputtered around end for another touchdown. East Brookville rooters groaned when they missed the point after touchdown, but the final score was East Brookville 13—Visitors 7.

A little later Barby and Hadley squeezed themselves into one of the pine-paneled booths in Rod's Cabin, where the high-school crowd was already gathering, and a record player was giving out with the latest dance tunes.

"Look," she said hurriedly to Hadley, "call me Barby, will you? And haven't you a nickname?"

"The Brain." But I hardly think—"

"Holy catfish! Don't let anyone hear that. Let me think—Butch? Not the type. Bud? Perhaps."

"Please call me Butch," he interrupted eagerly. "I know I'm not the type, but we could consider it satirical."

"If that would make you happy," Barby agreed, "that's what it'll be."

She tapped a fork against her glass for attention. "Hi, kids! This is Butch Morrison, as of now. Understand?"

"Sure," they shouted. "Hiya, Butch!"

"Cokes all around," Butch ordered, beaming.

He's a nice guy, Barby thought, and realized suddenly how lonely he must be. Being smarter than the people around you had its disadvantages. But just the same, she wished she were a little smarter than Suzy, because Suzy usually got what she wanted.

She looked across the room. Suzy and Richard were sitting at a table with the president of the Student Council and the leader of the East Brookville band. As Barby watched, Richard leaned over toward Suzy. He's probably telling her, "Your hair is a blaze of glory," Barby thought.

Resolutely she turned her attention to the silly moron jokes with which the others were regaling Butch, who seemed to be enjoying them hugely. Then she heard a voice say, "Hi, Hadley!" and looked up to see Suzy and Richard standing at their booth.

"Will you join us?" Butch invited, and the others seconded the invitation, pushing along to make room for them in the already crowded booth.

"What's new?" Richard asked, and Hadley answered, "A nickname for me—Butch!"

(Continued on page 48)

# TRUE OR FALSE?



## You're more susceptible to chills on "those certain days"

**TRUE.** So dress for the weather! If you should get wet—shed your damp duds, as fast as you can.

The reason for this and other "do's" and "don'ts" for these days is explained in "Growing Up and Liking It." That slick, new booklet on the

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Guests from three foreign lands watch preparation of the hot dog—U.S. special

so much fascination for them as the radio studios in Rockefeller Center, where the colorful uniforms, bright smiles, and the many different tongues in which the Guides and Scouts greeted one another became familiar sights and sounds. Of all the broadcasts they attended, the one that was the most fun for the girls was perhaps "The Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air" over the American Broadcasting Company, for they not only participated in the broadcast, but made up the larger part of the audience on Tuesday and Wednesday, July 29 and 30, from 10:25 to 10:45 A.M. The station officials agreed that these Guides and Scouts were the most interesting, and interested, audience to visit Studio 3F in some time.

world, and came to the conclusion that teen-agers may be different in some things, but basically they're the same no matter where they live.

Then they were invited by Betty Crocker and her Master of Ceremonies, Win Elliot, to go on a picnic, and a picnic basket filled with good things was produced for the occasion. If you were tuned in then you heard the girls exclaim over the basket, which held hot dogs and rolls, cookies, marshmallows, pickles, and cokes—all the ingredients for an honest-to-goodness American outing. As the program went off the air, you heard Betty Crocker inviting them back for an international recipe roundup on her Wednesday morning program.

# An International Flavor

by HARRIETT C. PHILMUS

## They're on the air! Girl Guides and Scouts exchange favorite recipes

**I**F YOU could only cook!" is a favorite lament. Well, how about cooking in several languages? That's really a problem, but the twenty-seven foreign Girl Guides and Scouts who came to the International Girl Scout Encampment at Camp Barree, Pennsylvania could do it, and a few of them stood up before the mike of a big radio-broadcasting system and proved it.

On their days off from discussions and round tables at Camp Barree the girls invaded New York City, and next to the glittering shops, probably nothing held

On Tuesday, at the first of the two broadcasts, there were fifty Girl Guides and Scouts in the audience, and six on the air. Three of these were hostess Scouts from the vicinity of New York; three were visitors. Joan Fortier, Mariner Troop Sea Penny; Joan Haggerty, Mariner Troop Flying Cloud; and Pat Bushnell, Wing Scout Flight Troop 35, were the Americans, and Jackie Geisen, Luxembourg; Ginette van Hoorebeke, Belgium; and Rachel Claris, Great Britain, were the visitors. On the air they all first discussed teen-age customs around the

Next day Guides and Scouts again filled the studio audience, and Rachel Claris, of Great Britain; Lucia Murgel Duarte Braga, Brazil; Mary Winkel, Curacao, Dutch West Indies; Nancy Jack, Bermuda; and Hanny Kording of Holland, gathered around the mike to exchange ideas about food.

Mary of Curacao, with just a touch of homesickness in her voice, said that she would love a big dish of "gumbo with foenchi," at which point everyone looked a little blank. Then Mary gave the recipe. She explained that gumbo was made principally from what we call okra—a green, pepper-like vegetable with a prickly fuzz on the outside. Curacao, as Mary explained, is an island, and so one of their principal foods is fish. At her house the gumbo is her favorite way to eat it.

You take a medium-sized fish, she said, clean it carefully, and put it in the oven to bake. While it is baking, clean the okra (or gumbo), cut in pieces, and put in boiling water. A half pound of salted meat, such as pork, is then cut into the gumbo. A dash of *yerba buena* (mint) and salt and pepper to taste are added. The fish is done, so bone it, cut in pieces, and add gumbo. Stir until thickened, and you have the dish that made Mary long for home. This fish stew is served with foenchi, an unleavened bread common to the Dutch West Indies. Foenchi, it turned out, is cooked

(Continued on page 53)



Up at the mike, international delegates have a mouth-watering chat

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Lone Troop 2 of Yosemite Park, photographed before Half Dome which also appears on their troop crest



All the Scouts in Muscatine, Iowa worked on this prize-winning float. The theme? World friendship

# ALL OVER THE MAP



## Headline News in Girl Scouting

• **It was a tense few minutes** for the littlest Brownie Scout, on the Isle of Aran, when Queen Elizabeth of England stopped to chat with her on a recent visit to that beautiful island in Galway Bay. The royal party inspected points of interest on the island, and it was just after landing on the pier, where the Brownies were lined up to form a welcoming party, that the tiniest one in the line caught the eye of the queen and the camera caught the picture you see on the next page.

• **All National Parks** have bears, wild flowers, and waterfalls," according to Girl Scout Lone Troop 2 of Yosemite National Park, "but only in Yosemite can you find Half Dome!" And for this reason Troop 2 chose the famous Half Dome (see picture above) to work up in colors for their troop crests. Members of the one school in Yosemite, this troop, living far from city life, have swimming, hiking, horseback riding, skating, skiing, and dancing as their main interests. And, of course, camping! This season the entire troop camped at Ostrander Lake, which is within Yosemite Park, reached by trail only, and has an altitude of 8600 feet above sea level!

• **For the second year** in a row Girl Scouts of Muscatine, Iowa, have carried off the first prize for the best float in a local Fourth of July parade. Last year's winner, a camp scene, brought them a handsome trophy. This year's winner, with an international theme, brought in a check. Brownies, Inter-

mediates, Seniors, Leaders, and Council Members all worked together on the float, on which reposed a sphere representing the world, with Scouts in costumes of foreign countries circling it with linked hands. The base of the float represented hours of work—8000 squares of white paper were pushed into chicken wire to achieve the desired effect. Congratulations to the Girl Scouts of Muscatine!

• **It was an important day** in the lives of some boys and girls of Farmington, Illinois, when they were treated to dinner and a trip through the plant of the Caterpillar Tractor Co. of Peoria, Illinois, recently—all as a reward for being the winning teams from a group of teen-agers who solicited funds for a local Red Cross drive. It's interesting to know that in the volunteer drive the girls had the highest overall total, but the boys had the highest individual team total. Also that the leading teams were made up of Girl Scouts and Boy Scouts, although solicitations were not made in uniform or by groups as Scouts.

• **October**, which celebrates Girl Scout Week and Juliette Low's birthday, is a good time to get up to date on your Juliette Low International Friendship Fund. Here, then, are some of the wonderful uses that your pennies have been put to during the last year. Money has been sent to furnish and reestablish Girl Guide headquarters in Budapest and Prague; to supply materials for our UNRRA team of professional Girl Scouts



A visit to the Caterpillar Tractor Company for the Illinois Scouts who won a Red Cross drive contest



Keystone Pictures Inc.

Queen Elizabeth of England has a short conversation with the littlest Brownie Scout on the Isle of Aran

working among displaced Guides in Germany; to send much-needed supplies to Korean Leaders working to establish Guiding in their country; to provide supplies for sick children in Polish hospitals; to provide holidays at "Our Chalet" in Switzerland for Girl Guide Leaders whose health has been undermined by war privations; and, of course, food packages have been sent to Guide Headquarters in many countries for distribution to Girl Guides in special need of additional nourishment. In addition to this, one thousand dollars was sent to "Les Courmettes," the camp which the *Fédération Francaise des Eclaireuses* operates on the French Riviera for sick children, and training of Guide and Scout Leaders.

• **Ten Girl Scouts** of St. Louis, Missouri, recently traveled south toward the border, and for six wonderful days were guests of sister Scouts in Texas and Mexico. Headquarters for the trip were in Laredo, Texas, and when the girls arrived there they were welcomed by the mayor and taken on a tour of the city, which included a luncheon at the airport, swimming at the Boys' Club, and a cookout supper. Hostess Scouts managed to continue this high standard of entertainment, which reached a peak in a big fiesta where a pageant, depicting border history as well as typical Mexican dances, was staged. The Missouri girls next spent a gala day as guests of the Nuevo Laredo Youth Club across the border in Mexico and held a fine Court of Awards there with Mexican and United States flags flying. Then, with four Texas Scouts, they took a fascinating two days' trip to colorful Monterey and witnessed the investiture of the first American Girl Scout troop in Mexico. When the St. Louis travelers headed for home, their luggage was bursting with movies and snapshots of the places they had seen and the new friends they had made.

• **In the north**, too, Girl Scouts of the United States are getting to know their neighbors from over the border. Word has just come, in fact, of the first Great Lakes-Canadian Senior Camp, held at beautiful Camp Deer Trails in Michigan for fifty-nine Guides and Scouts and their Leaders. Chosen for the special contributions they might make to an international gathering, the girls traveled from cities and towns in Illinois, Wisconsin, Indiana, Michigan, Manitoba, and Ontario! In true Senior fashion, the Guides and Scouts planned and carried out the camp program themselves, including plenty of singing, campfires, cookouts, and crafts on the schedule. But the real, serious basis for all the program activities was an understanding of the differences and likenesses in Guiding and Scouting, and in the customs and ideas of the communities represented. Discussions were held, guest speakers were introduced, and needless to say, more likenesses than differences were discovered.

• **From out in Wisconsin** comes the illustrated report of a successful mother-and-daughter luncheon given by the Girl Scouts of Intermediate Troop 17 of Sheboygan. We only wish we had space to print the fine, large photo of the well-uniformed girls and their attractive mothers who attended the function. The Scouts planned, prepared, served, and paid for a delicious meal for over twenty mothers, and after that presented a program of musical numbers, choral reading, and a pageant called "Thirty Years of Scouting." As you may have guessed, these Intermediates have been working for Dramatics, Group Music, and Foods badges. In pursuit of that last one, by the way, the girls have visited a big dairy, a fish company, a wholesale produce center, and they have also attended a poultry show.

• **In an article** called "Old Salts of Mystic" printed in the May AMERICAN GIRL, it was hinted that a training ship for Mariners and Sea Scouts might soon be delivered to the Marine Historical Association of Mystic, Connecticut. We can now report that this very thing has happened. Her masts bare of sail, the square-rigger *Joseph Conrad* was towed late this summer through the Mystic Narrows and taken to her last anchorage, where she'll start a new phase in a useful life. Built in 1882 by a Danish shipbuilder, the vessel was christened the *George Stage*, and was the first school ship in maritime history, serving the Danish navy for about fifty years in that capacity. She was then bought by a British writer, who renamed her the *Joseph Conrad* and sailed her around the world on a voyage he described in a book which you may have read, "The Cruise of the Conrad." After a short career as a racing yacht, the ship was turned over to the United States Maritime Commission in World War II and again served as a training ship. Last winter she was deactivated, stripped of wartime gear, and donated to the Mystic Marine Association by special act of Congress. Her complete restoration is now under way. Naturally, Mariner Ship *Twilight* of Mystic can hardly wait for the day the *Joseph Conrad* will be ready for use as a training ship, and the same goes for the mariner ships and other nautically-minded young people all over the country who anticipate taking training aboard her.

Each month, "All Over the Map" will bring you news of outstanding things being done by Girl Scouts. If your troop has any exciting plans afoot, or has recently undertaken any especially interesting project, write and tell us all the details (send photographs if you have them) so that we can pass the news on in these columns.

THE END

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## Saturday Afternoon

(Continued from page 43)

Richard chuckled, but Suzy laughed so loudly that Barby was embarrassed and began to blush. Still, she thought, how wonderful to be sitting at the same table with Richard. She wished she could talk so cleverly that he'd just have to notice her, but she guessed she was only a smell of wintergreen to him.

"I meant, any new tests?" Richard told Butch.

"We've found out something rather interesting about carrots. They have less—" Butch started to say, when Suzy shrieked, "Sounds like Operation Carrots."

Everyone laughed and turned their attention to her, as she had expected.

"Better call it Operation Guinea Pigs," Butch said pleasantly.

Richard flushed. "Go on, Butch," he urged.

"Don't look, they're unveiling their brains," Suzy mocked.

Barby squirmed, and thought, I wish she wouldn't show off.

"Liver and butter have—" Butch began again, but Suzy giggled.

"His intelligence is showing, isn't it?"

Richard looked annoyed, but Butch continued calmly, "Liver and butter contain more Vitamin A than carrots. We worked with five guinea pigs—"

"Now I always say, play dumb but operate intelligently," jibed Suzy.

Barby's patience snapped. There was no excuse for such rudeness. Butch was her guest and a swell guy—and besides, she was really interested in what he was saying, because occasionally the Junior Nurses' Aides were permitted to go into the hospital laboratory.

She took a deep breath and a firm grip on the edge of the table, and said sharply, "Stop it, Suzy!"

The whole group turned toward her in surprise and she spoke quickly, before she lost her courage. "I guess Butch knows what he's talking about. He's a University student, and we're only high-school kids."

Unabashed, Suzy cracked, "But it's a wise guy who keeps his intelligence undercover."

Something exploded inside Barby. "You're an exhibitionist, Suzy, and you act like a case of arrested development!" She stopped abruptly. Did I say that? she wondered. Then she realized that the others were looking at her with approval.

"Butch is too regular to blow his own trumpet," she went on, but Suzy interrupted:

"He who tootheth not his own trumpet, the same will rust." But this time no one laughed with her.

"He won't tell you, but I will," Barby ignored the interruption. "He's going to be a research man and conduct experiments that will help doctors make people healthier, so they'll live longer and won't suffer. And he's a good sport and he knows more about football than most any of us, and—" She paused for breath.

Richard patted her approvingly on the back. "Atta girl, Barby," he said.

Then they were all talking and laughing together, including Butch naturally as one of the gang. All, that is, except Suzy, who sulked until Richard suggested, "Shall we move along now, Suzy?"

However, before they left the table Rich-

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ard asked Barby and Butch, "Like to watch a little football practice, you two? How about Monday afternoon?"

"Thanks," Butch said, "but I have to be back at school by tomorrow night."

"Too bad. But how about you, Barby? Want to come over to the field?"

Barby smiled at him and said, "That would be fun. Thanks."

"See you Monday, then," Richard told her as he turned to follow Suzy—and Barby was amazed to discover that she was disappointed because Butch would not be there!

THE END

## Bowling Them Over

(Continued from page 21)

Let your hand and arm follow through along that line.

Of course individual bowlers who have difficulty in rolling the ball correctly will get individual assistance. There's nothing to be ashamed about if your first score is a dismal twenty—everybody who's ever bowled knows that practice can make a top-notch player out of the worst looking starter. Steadiness and co-ordination count a good deal more than brute strength. A ball sent down straight at slow or medium speed may do better than the power-punch approach.

The scoring, too, is simple, once you catch on. A game is ten "frames." Each time you're up you're allowed two balls. If you knock down any number of pins up to nine, your score for that frame is three, six, nine, or whatever the number of pins knocked down may be. If you topple all the pins in your two tries, you have a "spare," and if you should do still better and turn over *all* the pins in one try, you will have registered a "strike."

Perfect score is 300, twelve consecutive strikes; but just half of that, 150, is considered a very good score. On the AJBC handicap chart, that figure is "scratch" for girls, while "scratch" for boys is 180. That means your handicap is 75% of the difference between your average score and the scratch figure. For example, if you bowl 100 on an average, then your handicap is 38–75% of the difference between 100 and 150. Incidentally, because of this system of handicapping in bowling, every boy or girl has an equal opportunity to be on a winning team. About one fourth of the nation's bowlers are women, thirteen of whom are known to have scored their 300's. It's just possible, you know, that you'll make it fourteen!

The AJBC, besides publishing a monthly magazine which is free to all its members and furnishing all forms for keeping the averages and handicaps of the leagues, offers gold medals to the winning teams of each league at the end of the season. The two winning teams of each league are invited to take part in the Congress' annual telegraphic handicap tournament, when scores are wired from your local establishment to AJBC headquarters in Chicago. Then the national champs and coach get all-expense trips to the scene of the Women's International Bowling Congress tournament, which this year will be held in Dallas, Texas.

But even if you and the members of your AJBC league don't break any bowling records right off, you'll have a wonderful time together and be on your way to permanent leisure-time pleasure.

THE END

## A LESSON IN FAMILY FUN!



## WE'RE A

"fresh up" family!

• We have fun in our family sharing work and play. Dad and I play golf together. We all help Mom with her housework. And when it comes to our favorite drink, we all want 7-Up. It's part of the fun. I remind Mom to order more 7-Up when our supply gets low.



## Shoestring Theater

(Continued from page 23)

"Sounds like code. I have a book on codes," Susan exclaimed excitedly.

"No, it's a straight message," Reed said thoughtfully. "Here's the way I figure it: there's a New York producer named Prothero. It looks as if he were trying to arrange screen tests for V.V. and Estelle—Signature is one of the newer movie companies. Apparently they got tired waiting, or were broke—actors usually are—and took this job to fill in."

"But why couldn't they have told us all that?" Celia's voice was shrill with exasperation.

"Well, Prothero urged strict secrecy, you know. You have to be very close-mouthed in the theater, where there is so much competition. Or maybe they were superstitious about talking too soon—actors are."

"I still say it was a mean trick," Celia declared.

"Well, let this be a lesson to you, my girl." Bill chuckled her under the chin. "Don't go dewy-eyed over the next waxed mustache that shows up."

"Oh, Bill Wheelock, you make me so mad!" There were tears in Celia's eyes, and Ann knew she was really hurt. She tried to flash a warning to Bill, but Reed was already rushing to Celia's assistance.

Snatching a lining pencil from Estelle's box, he drew a dashing mustache on his upper lip and bared his teeth in a toothy smile. "Testing, just testing," he droned. And when Celia refused to smile, "Ah, she doesn't respond to my masculine beauty. I

believe she's cured already." He started to rub off the mustache.

"Don't!" Ann laughed. "It's so becoming."

"Practical, too," Hank joined in. "That kind of adornment won't get in the soup!"

"And it's guaranteed not to scratch the softest cheek," added Reed. "Doesn't that carry any weight, my girl?"

Celia laughed in spite of herself. "It might," she conceded, "under the proper circumstances."

It was all fun, but Ann couldn't help feeling some resentment at the way Celia was picking Reed up where she had laid him down at V.V.'s coming. Oh, dear, she thought. It's going to start all over again, just when we need to keep our minds on the theater!

Celia was all animation now. "Let's turn the meeting tonight into a picnic supper to celebrate," she suggested.

"A hayride!" piped up Susan. "I'll get Stan to bring their wagon and horses, and we can go up to Indian Cave."

"What's there to do at Indian Cave?" Celia belittled the suggestion.

"What's there to do on any hayride but drive somewhere, and come back?" Susan retorted.

"Well, I'm going back to work." Hank moved off toward the shop. "We've got to alter that set, change it back to Myra's American living room from Mrs. Bramson's English cottage. Some job!"

Locust Lane took on a new spurt of industry. Ann, slapping paint on what was to be the paneled fireplace, thought how different it was, now that they all were again enthusiastic. But it wasn't until she and Bill had taken their sandwiches and milk to the shade of the big beech tree, and Bill said,

"This change is good for you, Rube. You're leading lady again," that she gave a thought to what it meant for her personally.

She looked at him, her sandwich halfway to her mouth. "Why, so I am!" she exclaimed. "I was so glad to know Reed's play would be done, I forgot about myself."

Bill snapped an ant off the corner of his sandwich. "You think a lot of Reed, don't you?"

"Not any more than you do—and not as much as Celia does."

Bill shrugged. "Is she back at that again?"

"You know Celia," Ann laughed. "She has to have someone to be goofy about. But I bet when she really falls in love, nobody will know it."

"Maybe you've got something there. When it's serious you don't blab it. That's why I've been keeping my big mouth shut."

"Who is she?" Ann grinned at him. "I didn't know I had a rival."

"Rival?" Bill snorted. "But say," he grinned delightedly, "that's an idea. A little competition might be good for you."

Ann stood up and brushed the crumbs from her jeans. "Listen, my barnstorming Romeo," she told him, half laughing. "When I make up my mind I won't need any competition to make me admit it. I'll know, and he'll know I know, and that'll be that."

It wasn't until later that afternoon, while she was helping Celia get the picnic supper together, that Ann had a chance to ask Reed about his interview with Mrs. Torrey.

"Oh, everything is all right. She even admitted she might have been a bit hasty about V.V. But—" He hesitated. "She knows about Meggsy's career. She asked me point-blank about it. I think Phyllis must have found out something."

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"Phyllis?" both girls cried. "Who could have told her?"

"I didn't," Reed shrugged. "Neither did Bill, I'm sure. But we'll have to plug that leak somehow. I told Mrs. T. that undoubtedly Mrs. Meggs knew a great deal about the theater, but that I had never heard her mention having been on the stage—which is true, of course."

"Did you tell her about the benefit?"

"Oh, yes. She wants to be a patroness. I guess it's all fixed, but I wish I could get my hands on that Phyllis."

"Your wish is granted." Ann pointed to Susan and Phyllis coming across the lawn. Another basket of mushrooms hung on Susan's arm.

"My farmer said he'd rather see a show called 'Second Sight' than one called 'Night Must Fall,' because his grandmother had second sight and everyone knows night must fall, and—"

"All right, all right!" Celia took the mushrooms but dismissed the farmer. "Sit down, Phyl. We have something to ask you."

"Is it about the loom?"

"What's a loom got to do with it?"

Phyl's face fell. "Meggsy told me to get one that first day—remember? For the last act. So I went to Mrs. Marker's—she has a gift shop and weaves things for it. But she said she wouldn't trust her loom with us, and I told her she could trust Meggsy, that Meggsy knew everything about the theater—that she'd had a lot of experience."

Silence greeted this announcement. Then Reed barked, "Who told you Meggsy had been an actress?"

"Nobody." Phyl's eyes widened with surprise. "Was she? Really?"

"Phyl," Ann urged, "tell us exactly what you said to Mrs. Marker."

"If I can remember," Phyllis shut her eyes and screwed up her face. "I said: 'Mrs. Marker, nothing could happen to your loom. We're not kids just playing at acting, we're running a professional theater and Mrs. Meggs is our director.' And she said: 'Mrs. Meggs? What does she know about running a theater?' And I said: 'Everything. She knows all about acting and make-up and props like your loom. You should have seen her on the stage—' I was going to say, 'chalking out the furniture and things,' but Mrs. Marker looked at me so funny I didn't finish. And then someone came into the shop and Mrs. Marker told me she'd think it over and let me know, and I left."

"Apparently Mrs. Marker thought it over—all over town," Reed growled. "You've got Meggsy in a fine mess, Phyl."

She stared at him, not understanding for a moment. Then she clapped her hand over her mouth. "Oh! You mean Mrs. Marker thinks I meant Meggsy really had been on the stage! How funny!"

"It's not so funny as you think," Susan checked her.

"Maybe you'd better go back to Mrs. Marker about that loom," Ann advised, "and while you're there, explain that Meggsy is our director because she's interested in us and we're going to give a benefit for Dr. Don's clinic."

Phyl nodded. "But I still think it's an awful joke," she said, "and I bet Mrs. Marker will, too."

"I hope she will," Ann said when Phyllis had gone to the barn to check over her props. "That Mrs. Marker is the worst gossip."

(Continued on page 53)

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## Shoestring Theater

(Continued from page 51)

"But this time she was right," Celia added wryly. "I hope Phyl doesn't make it worse."

"I'll go with her," Susan offered, "and I'll try to make Mrs. Marker think it's a good joke, so she'll tell the whole story. And I'll persuade her to give us the loom, too."

"Offer her a little free advertising in the program," Reed suggested.

"That's exactly what I'd planned to do," Susan told him.

Ann went back to wrapping the sandwiches. "I've been thinking," she chuckled, "how pleased Meggy will be when she hears Phyl's story. It explains so much, and it really is funny."

"Don't you think I ought to call her up?" Reed asked innocently.

"Oh, no, you don't—there's lots more work to be done here." Celia tied Dad's big apron around him. She didn't look much older than a little girl, in her pink cotton dress and flat playshoes. Ann, watching the look she gave Reed, could see that any boy would think Celia a cute number. Certainly Reed seemed to be enjoying the little domestic act immensely. "Besides, Meggy and Don are both coming over for the hayride," Celia was saying as she handed him an onion to slice.

"It looks as if someone else were coming for the hayride," Ann called from the door. A strange car was coming up the drive—a sporty model, with red leather seats and shining chromium. The young man who was driving it matched the car in magnificence, at least as far as his clothes were concerned. He wore a sports shirt of bright red, but his hair was hidden completely by a black beret, and dark sunglasses covered his face.

"The visiting fireman in person," Ann murmured. "Or is it Lochinvar in disguise?"

The car came to an abrupt stop, and Celia went forward, as the eldest, to do the honors. When the newcomer saw her he called out genially, "Hi, Beautiful! Anyone around here named Lester?"

"Why, it's Jon!" Reed rushed past the girls. "Well, well!" they heard him say. "If it isn't The Smile himself! When did you get back from Hollywood?"

"Hollywood!" gasped Celia—and almost fell in the woodbox.

(To be concluded)

## International Flavor

(Continued from page 44)

very much as you would hominy, farina, or corn-meal mush, and it is as popular on its native heath as hominy grits in the South. To make it, pour 3 cups of yellow corn meal into 4 cups of boiling, salted water. The girl from Curacao said that a good way is to let the meal run slowly into the water through the fingers of one hand, while stirring constantly with the other. Natives of Curacao use a long-handled wooden paddle, called a *palu di foenchi*, to mix the meal thoroughly through the boiling water. Stir briskly to prevent lumping for 5 to 10 minutes, until it has a stiff consistency, then pour out on a wet plate and cover with another wet plate to mold. People in Curacao eat this much as we do bread or crackers.

(Continued on page 55)

The American Girl

# wilson Sports Say



Close-up from movie reveals common violation. Defense attempts to prevent field goal while the ball is ringing hoop. Violation is committed when defensive player hits ball as it touches the hoop.



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# TURNTABLE TIPS



by CARL BOSLER

## RECOMMENDED RECORDS

### Popular

**Feudin' And Fightin' . . . How Can I Say I Love You . . .** Tex Beneke . . . Victor (20-2313) . . . Here's a rousing novelty, with Tex and the Moonlight Serenaders giving a rough-and-ready rendition of the zestful lyrics. The plattermate provides a romantic contrast, in which Garry Stevens' smooth voice blends nicely with the Serenaders, who make their debut on this record.

**One For My Baby . . . A Little Kiss Each Morning . . .** Mel Tormé . . . Muscraft (15107) . . . This new release of Tormé's tortuous blues singing keeps the young man's bandwagon rolling merrily along. Mel has a real feeling for jazz, but occasionally his enthusiasm causes him to make dynamic changes which are too sudden, and consequently somewhat blatant.

**My Romance . . . Tea For Two . . .** Dinah Shore and Frank Sinatra . . . Columbia (37528) . . . Dinah and Frank turn out to be a delightfully romantic singing team as they portray these traditional tunes. It's their first recording together and was made specifically for the benefit of the Damon Runyon Memorial Fund for Cancer Research.

**Holiday For Strings . . .** David Rose . . . MGM Album (3) . . . Dave's talent for blending the rich sonorities of strings and woodwinds makes this one tops among current releases. Strictly not for dancing, it's charming music especially styled to fit your daydream moods. In the album are "Laura," "Sweet Sue," "Estrellita," "Intermezzo," and four originals by Dave.

**That's What . . . Naughty Angeline . . .** King Cole Trio . . . Capitol (437) . . . The King Colers go romping along on the first one, and Nat turns in some amazingly dexterous scat-singing as he matches the intricate phrases of Oscar Moore's guitar. The cute tune on the reverse finds "Angeline" being chided for her flirtatious escapades.

**Don't Tell Me . . . I Wish I Didn't Love You So . . .** Helen Forrest . . . MGM (10040) . . . Helen's unaffected singing comes as a refreshing change from the exaggerated sentimentality of so many popular

singers. Her clear, full-bodied voice enhances the dreamy qualities of these two wistful ballads, and Harold Mooney's arrangements are nicely tailored to the mood.

**Billy's Boogie . . . Until The Real Thing Comes Along . . .** Billy Butterfield . . . Capitol (434) . . . The crack Butterfield band cuts some fine boogie capers on the first, much in the old Pinetop Smith tradition. On the coupling Billy's solid trumpeting and husky vocalizing breathe new life into the memorable old tune.

**In A Lazy Mood . . . Triskaidekaphobia . . .** Page Cavanaugh Trio . . . Victor (20-2331) . . . Bass, piano, and guitar blend in subtle phrasing as the trio applies its intricate styling to the easygoing ballad on the first side. The flipover is a zany tongue-twister featuring the trio's tricky unison singing.

**Fine Thing . . . Oh My Achin' Heart . . .** Les Brown . . . Columbia (37497) . . . With nicely shaded brass and rhythmic saxes, Les and his boys add another outstanding recording to their long list of hits. There are well-modulated vocals by Ray Kellogg and Eileen Wilson and Les contributes some mellow sax solos.

**Moonlight Moods . . .** Buddy Cole . . . Capitol Album (BD-54) . . . Recording organ music with any degree of clarity has always been a problem. Capitol seems to have found the answer, however, for here is organ tone which is pure and undistorted. "Sleepy Time Gal," "Mood Indigo," "Sleepy Lagoon," and "Stars In My Eyes" are four of the eight favorites in the album and Buddy evokes lovely, impressionistic effects from the console.

### Jazz

**Boogie Woogie . . .** Columbia Album (C-130) . . . If boogie-woogie piano is your dish, here's a highly spiced concoction to satisfy your appetite. It's served up by such jazz greats as Pete Johnson, Mary Lou Williams, Meade Lux Lewis, and Jimmy Yancey, who have crowded a lot of boogie on the eight platters in the album.

THE END

## International Flavor

(Continued from page 53)

Rachel Claris of Great Britain then told how to make a typical English sweet-tarts called "Maids of Honour."

To make the pastry: Sift into a bowl 1 cup all-purpose flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon baking powder,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt. Measure 5% tablespoons shortening. (We like to use 2½ tablespoons butter and 3 of other shortening.) Place about 3 tablespoons of shortening in the bowl with the dry ingredients. With a pastry blender or two knives cut it quickly into the flour mixture until it looks like coarse corn meal. Add the remaining shortening and cut it in, in the same manner, until it is in pieces the size of peas. Now sprinkle 1 tablespoon cold water over the mixture and use the pastry blender or the two knives to combine the ingredients quickly. Part of the dough will hold together, but some of the flour mixture will remain in the bottom of the bowl. Add one tablespoon of water to the dry part and work lightly until it holds together. Place a few drops of water on your board to hold your wax paper in place. Place the dough on top of the wax paper and roll lightly from the center out, always in one direction, not to and fro. Roll until it is as thin as a penny. Cut into 3" squares and place in patty pans. To make filling: Cut up  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup walnuts, add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar, yolks of 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 tablespoons cream, and flavor with a teaspoon of vanilla or orange-flower water. Mix well and pour into tart shells. Bake in a moderate oven (about 375°) for about 15 minutes, or until golden brown.

Nancy Jack said Bermuda was really quite Americanized and that the young people enjoyed the same foods, so on the air she turned to pretty, blond Hanny Kording from Holland, who contributed this recipe for Dutch fried dumplings, or *Oliebollen*.

Ingredients: 1 cup of flour, 1 yeast cake, scant cup of lukewarm milk,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup raisins,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup currants,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup candied lemon peel, 1 chopped apple, juice of  $\frac{1}{2}$  a lemon, and a pinch of salt. Method: Dissolve yeast thoroughly in  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of warm milk. Sift flour and salt into a bowl. Pour the lemon juice over the fruit and stir into the flour. Add the dissolved yeast and lukewarm milk and mix thoroughly into a stiff dough. Knead well, shape into a ball, cover, and let rise for 1 hour. Cover the bottom of an iron pot or skillet with about 2" of cooking oil. When the oil is hot, drop in about 2 teaspoons of the mixture at a time and cook until the balls are a light brown. Drain and sprinkle with sugar.

At this point Win Elliot leaned over toward Lucia, from Brazil, and asked if she had ever eaten a *perro caliente*. "Oh," answered Lucia in faultless English, "you mean hot dog!"

A little crestfallen, Win said, "Did I pronounce it right?"

"Yes," agreed Lucia generously, "but that is the Spanish name for it. I come from Brazil, and speak Portuguese."

"All right," said Win. "How do you say 'hot dog' in Portuguese?"

"Cachorro quente," came back the answer, whereupon Mary Winkel said, "we call them *hete honden* in the Dutch West Indies."

The girls all agreed that, however they pronounced it, hot dogs were their favorite American dish, and Betty Crocker and her

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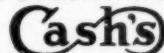
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assistant, Elsie Buxman, proceeded to show the girls a new way to serve them. Here are her instructions.

Sift together into a mixing bowl 2 cups flour, 3 teaspoons double-action baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt. With a pastry blender or two knives cut into this dough 4 tablespoons shortening, cutting and chopping with light, quick strokes until the mixture looks like meal. Lightly stir into this mealy mixture  $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup milk. This makes a soft dough. Turn dough out on board covered with cloth or wax paper, and knead lightly, just enough to smooth dough. Roll with lightly floured rolling pin into a rectangular sheet 9" by 12". Dip a sharp knife into flour and cut the dough into 3" squares. It should make 12 squares. Place a medium-sized frankfurter diagonally on each square, fold the opposite corners over the frankfurter and seal well by pinching the corners together. Lift carefully on to a bakery sheet, placing them so they do not touch, and bake for 15 minutes in a hot oven (450°). You may serve with mustard, catsup, horseradish, sweet-pickle relish, or chili sauce.

When Betty Crocker pulled the tasty morsels out of the oven everyone had a sample, including the audience. Then there were many affectionate farewells from the studio staff, who had grown very fond of the girls in two days of working together, and the Guides and Scouts rushed off to window-shop and have lunch at the Automat.

THE END

## How About Dating?

(Continued from page 27)

town's fanciest hotel, but with the right person it can be just as much fun.

The next step is to win your parents over to the idea of your having a social life—gradually. If you plunge in by asking if you can go to a dance, with a man, in a car, at night, the jolt will be too much for Dad and of course he'll say no. On the other hand, he'd probably have no objection to your playing tennis with another girl and a couple of boys on a Saturday afternoon and to having you bring them home afterward for cokes and cookies. Then you can introduce the boys to your family, and Mother and Dad will get to know Bob and Jack as the nice individuals they are.

After that, perhaps you can persuade them to agree to a bowling date some evening, preferably with the same group, or a movie (the early show) and before you know it, you're going out with boys. Of course Mother probably will still say things like "Drive carefully," and "Come home early," but now the ice is broken, and it's up to you to act in such a responsible way that your parents will never regret having given their approval.

Naturally it's very important that you keep up your parents' confidence by co-operating with their rules. If they ask you to be home at ten, be home at ten. Maybe you have to leave at the most heavenly moment of

the evening, but it's worth it in the long run.

When your folks have ruled out a certain eatery or dancing spot, don't let the crowd talk you into going there. And you needn't be embarrassed about it, either. You don't have to say, "My mother won't let me go there." You can just say "No thanks. I'd rather not. Why don't we go round to our regular place?" If that doesn't work and your friends insist, tell them frankly why you won't go. They'll respect you for it.

Maybe it seems like a long, dull stretch, waiting for your parents to find out that you've grown up, and you may feel tempted to slip out some night. But don't do it. Your knowledge that you're behaving in a sneaky, underhand way will spoil your good time; and besides, sooner or later the cat will surely be out of the bag and your parents will rightly feel that they can't trust you.

In the second place, consider the impression you'll make on the boy. How can you expect the kind of boy you like and admire to respect the type of girl who's willing to sneak out and meet people on street corners?

It's much better to put your ingenuity and spirit into winning over your parents. If you knock yourself out being adult and mature all over the place, if you bring home nice boys to meet the family and show that you have good taste in friends, and if you work your way into dates gradually—well, it shouldn't be long before you're out on dates with your parents' approval.

THE END

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**H. E. Codwise, Box 5, Melrose Highlands, Mass.**

# Jokes

## PROOF POSITIVE

MOTHER: Bob, what are those brown spots on your new suit?

BOB: Rust, I guess. The salesman said this suit would wear like iron.

Sent by CAROL HOSMER, Ross, California

## YOU'RE SO RIGHT

SUE: What is it that no one wants to get, yet no one wants to lose?

ALAN: I don't know. What's the answer?

SUE: A bald head.

Sent by BARBARA MAY, Evanston, Illinois

## CAUSE AND EFFECT

HANK: How did you lose your hair?

CHARLIE: Worry.

HANK: About what?

CHARLIE: Losing my hair.

Sent by ARLENE PASS, Chicago, Illinois

## NO LAUGHING MATTER

CLERK: These are especially strong shirts, madam. They simply laugh at the laundry.

CUSTOMER: I had some of that kind. They came back with their sides split.

Sent by SONIA BROWN, Greeley, Colorado

## NATURAL HISTORY

TOM: What has eighteen legs and catches flies?

DICK: A baseball team.

Sent by IRA BROOKS, Monmouth, Illinois

## WORM'S-EYE VIEW

KATE: Why are you standing on your head?

LOIS: I'm turning things over in my mind.

Sent by ALYCE BERNADICOU, Fresno, California

## BETTER LATE THAN NEVER

MOTHER: Why are you jumping up and down, Johnny?

JOHNNY: I took my medicine and forgot to shake the bottle.

Sent by DORIS BLALACK, Fort Worth, Texas

## SMOOTHER FIT

CUSTOMER: Can I put this wallpaper on myself?

CLERK: Certainly, but it would look much better on the wall!

Sent by EMMA JEAN BOWMAN, Washington, D. C.

## LOGICAL REASONING

MAN (to little boy): Can you tell me the time?

LITTLE BOY: Not exactly, but I'm sure it isn't five o'clock.

MAN: What makes you so sure?

LITTLE BOY: Because I'm supposed to be home by five, and I'm not there.

Sent by ALIDA LOUISE FIELD, Linden, California

## HELP WANTED

LITTLE BOY (saying prayers): Bless my mother and father, and please make San Francisco the capital of the United States.

MOTHER: Why do you ask that?

LITTLE BOY: That's what I put on my examination paper.

Sent by LUCILLE COX, Asheboro, North Carolina

## SYMPATHETIC

RUTH: Mother, today in the bus a little girl fell off her seat, and everybody laughed except me.

MOTHER: That was nice of you, dear. Who was the little girl?

RUTH: Me.

Sent by RAE MARIE HARDY, Chicago, Illinois

The American Girl will pay \$1.00 for every joke printed on this page. Send your best jokes to THE AMERICAN GIRL, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, New York. Be sure to include your name, address, and age, and write in ink or on the typewriter.

## LIFE WITH LIL

by Merryleen



"Of course I'll cry . . . Don't you want me to have a good time?"



## Lovable Bobo In Your School Colors

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Beautifully tailored of fine felt and stuffed with soft, downy cotton, Bobo has a satin bow around his neck and school initials on his ears.

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Sizes  8  10  12  14
- 4578—V-Front for School  
Sizes  8  10  12  14
- 4753—Peplumed Two-Piece  
Sizes  11  13  15  17
- 4541—Beginners' Dream Dress  
Sizes  11  13  15  17
- 2905—Blouse and Skirt  
Sizes  10  12  14  16
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# In Step with the Times



Dress

by LLOYD WELDON

## Adventure on the High Seas

Six men took off on a raft from Callao, a seaport in Peru, on April 28th, letting the wind and the strong Pacific currents carry them westward. They expected, within four months, to land four thousand miles away, on some palmy Pacific island. Their craft, made of light balsa wood and bamboo, slid easily to the top of big swells during storms, while they kept dry within a thatched bamboo hut set up on the 45 by 18 foot deck.

Vicious sharks were driven away with harpoon thrusts. Hardly a night passed that rainbow-colored flying fish, attracted by their gas lamp, didn't flop down on the deck. Once an ugly-looking black whale dived under the raft, threatening to upset it.

Maybe this sounds like an adventure story. Actually the men were on a scientific expedition, testing a theory that more than a thousand years ago people from America had settled in South Pacific islands.

The leader of this summer's trip, a slim, blond Norseman named Thor Heyerdahl, is an ethnologist—a scientist who studies the races of mankind. Ten years ago, on an island in the Marquesas group, he found pieces of pottery, relics of religious ceremonies remarkable similar to those of ancient Peru, and the sweet potato, a native South American plant. Other ethnologists claimed that only Asiatic tribes had populated the South Pacific. But on the basis of his evidence, Heyerdahl was convinced that way, way back Americans had sailed there, too.

So after the war he picked a crew to go with him to test his theory. With the help of the Peruvian navy, they lashed thick balsa logs together with rope, fitted a square sail to a mast made of mango wood, and built a raft similar to those the Spanish explorers had seen the Incas use.

The ancient sailors had carried water in bamboo casks. Heyerdahl's group took modern five-gallon tins. The Peruvians cooked over fires kept burning in earthenware jugs. Today's explorers used gasoline stoves.

On July 30 they reported first sighting land—Pukapuka Island, in the Tuamotus. They drifted about 260 miles farther, and then—just as they had theorized the voyagers of long ago had been carried ashore—their raft crashed on Raroia Reef. They saved food, water, and a radio, and made their way to safety on the tiny, uninhabited island, thus successfully concluding their voyage of nearly fifteen weeks.

## Father of American Journalism

Eighty-two years ago this month a tall, gawking youth jumped off a freight train one rainy night in East St. Louis. An immigrant from Hungary, he could hardly speak

English, although he had served in the Union army during the closing months of the Civil War. Penniless, he stoked furnaces on a Mississippi River ferry and drove a sixteen-mule team to earn money. He also worked as a longshoreman, a sailor, a bookkeeper, and for a railroad. In his spare time he studied law and practiced his English.

In 1867, after only three years in America, he became a naturalized citizen and passed his bar examinations. The next year he went to work for a small German newspaper in St. Louis, the "Westliche Post." Thus Joseph Pulitzer entered the profession in which he became famous.

On April 10, this year, the United States celebrated the hundredth anniversary of Pulitzer's birth. In his honor, the Government issued the first postage stamp ever to bear the picture of a newspaperman. Take a look at one. You'll see Pulitzer's bony, bearded face and the inscription: "Our Republic and its press will rise and fall together."

"J. P.," as he was called, might be considered the father of modern American journalism. He believed in presenting the American people with facts, and letting them decide issues for themselves. His formula, "accuracy, accuracy, accuracy," is still quoted by newspaper editors to aspiring cubs. Once he fired a reporter who began a story about a St. Patrick's Day parade in New York City with the sentence: "Eighty thousand people lined Fifth Avenue yesterday." "How'd he know?" J. P. stormed. The reporter had only guessed. To Pulitzer that was an almost inexcusable crime, but he relented and rehired the reporter later.

The secret of his success—he established three of the best newspapers in the country and amassed a fortune, bequeathing \$18,646,000 at his death—might be "work, work, work." This he did from 10 A.M. until 2 in the morning as a cub reporter. Later, as editor of the St. Louis "Post-Dispatch" and the old New York "World," he kept at his job of inspiring and bossing his staff so energetically that his health failed.

This month is the anniversary of his death on October 29, 1911. Totally blind, the grand old man died aboard his yacht, in the harbor of Charleston, South Carolina.

His blindness had made his hearing terribly acute. He was so sensitive to noise that his bedroom, set on ball bearings to prevent vibration, was entirely surrounded by empty, unused rooms.

J. P. provided in his will for the now-famous Pulitzer prizes (awarded for the thirtieth time this year) in the fields of newspaper work, literature in general, music, and public service. Worth \$500 each, they

are an honor that is still highly coveted.

In 1889 the famous journalist founded the scholarships which bear his name. During his lifetime the holders of the scholarships were paid \$250 annually at any first-class American college. At his death he left a fund to Columbia University, the income of which is used for the scholarships.

He also founded and endowed the Pulitzer School of Journalism at Columbia University, which opened in September, 1912 and so celebrated its thirty-fifth anniversary last month. All in all, 1947 brought to mind the man who made good American journalism respected throughout the world.

## They're in the Army Now

Two hundred volunteers, serving on a temporary wartime basis, comprised the United States Army nurse corps in 1901. Even when the corps became officially attached to the Army its members had no definite Army status.

In September, 1917 a young nurse from West Virginia named Florence Blanchfield joined the 21,480 nurses of the first World War and in 1943 became superintendent of the corps, with the courtesy title of colonel.

She commanded over 50,000 nurses, scattered all over the globe, in the second World War. They cared for the wounded aboard planes and behind front lines from the South Seas to Germany, and received more than 1,500 medals.

Last summer Colonel Blanchfield was awarded something for herself and her 2,588 nurses who will make up the peacetime corps which will perhaps mean more to her. On July 18, General of the Army Dwight D. Eisenhower, Chief of Staff, called her from her work-piled desk to receive the first regular commission ever granted a woman in the Army. Instead of a courtesy colonel, she and 72 other senior nurse-corps officers became regularly commissioned officers, with the same pay and privileges as men of equal rank.

Not the least of the advantages of being a full citizen of the Army was that Colonel Blanchfield, now sixty-three and soon to retire, would receive the same comfortable pension as a male colonel. In addition, it should make recruiting nurses easier. The requirements are stiff as it is. If you want to be an Army nurse you must be between the ages of twenty-two and thirty, unmarried, at least five feet tall, and a registered nurse. Now women will be more willing to join the Army because, says Colonel Blanchfield, who ought to know, they will be assured of security.

THE END

October, 1947

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